FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

"TripleX" — the safety glass

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXVII No. 2316 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 10 1944

McVITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

KING SIX CIGARS

1/- *each*

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD

MAKERS OF FINE CIGARS SINCE 1839

PADDY

10 YEARS OLD WHISKY

The Cork Distilleries Co. Ltd., Cork, Ireland.

YOUR BEST REWARD

Bass

THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

Supplies are now very limited but are distributed as fairly as possible amongst Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants throughout the United Kingdom.

By Appointment

Cerebos

The salt of a century

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

GREYS CIGARETTES

Just honest-to-goodness tobacco

Godfrey Phillips

LIMITED

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS

1844 – 1944

There are two methods open to a firm which achieves its centenary: it can dilate with understandable pride on the superiority of its products or it can say *'Thank you'*.

This is Godfrey Phillips' one-hundredth year: and it is *'Thank you'* they wish to say to their host of friends and customers in the Trade the world over.

LEADING BRANDS

CIGARETTES: Abdulla, Black and White, De Reszke, Fifth Avenue, Greys.

TOBACCO: Afrikander, B.D.V., Sweet Cut, Grand Cut, Luntin, Royal Seal, Virgin Gold. **CIGARS:** Burlington.

Volume CLXXVII No. 2316 The SPHERE, London, June 10, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE ROAD TO ROME: THE TOWN OF CISTERNA, A KEYPOINT IN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD, AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE ALLIES, showing troops and transports speeding along the Appian Way towards the Italian capital before its fall on Sunday, June 4

During the prolonged and bitter fighting in the Anzio bridgehead, the town of Cisterna was held right till the last moment by the Germans. It was finally captured on May 25. Cisterna holds a strategic position on the Appian Way, or Highway Seven, which runs in a straight line from Terracina to Rome. To-day it lies in ruins: after Cassino, it must be the most bomb-shattered and shell-wrecked town in the whole of Italy. This picture was taken from a British aircraft flying low over Cisterna at a moment when the Appian Way was crowded with Allied convoys moving up towards Rome for the final stages of that great city's capture. On Sunday, June 4, all resistance by the Germans within the Italian capital ceased, and Rome was finally in Allied hands after a lightning campaign by the combined Fifth, Eighth and Anzio Armies

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.: Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 249

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

The Rest Cure.—I never experienced the Edwardian rest cure. It was the fashionable remedy for too much nice, expensive fun in the 1900's. I was too young and too humble for any but the crumbs of fun. But now again the old cure is fashionable among middle-aged folk, who have had too much nice, clean, concentrated war-time fun. The doctor came (with nasty physic, too) and ordered me to bed for a fortnight—absolute rest. I learned in the first three days just how tiring absolute rest can be.

When you lie abed, voices and sounds "heard off" acquire a new meaning. They belong to beings from another world, people with legs and jobs and interests. I don't say you envy these people, but you admire them—someone working a Hoover, mowing a bit of grass, or even banging a door. They are the people who matter, the lords of creation.

This is an apologia for idleness. If the mower matters, how much more does the fighting man on the Rome front? If the Hoover seemed "worlds away," how far away for a few days seemed the anti-tank gun in the bridge-head, the foxholes of Monastery Hill. War faded out. Only the everlasting passing of our aircraft recalled it, and at night a few distant bomb explosions. . . . But it will come back, all too soon perhaps. It will come back with "normal existence."

Nay, interest in the war came back with a rush, with the capture of Cassino at last, with substantial loss to the enemy—surely a battle finely planned and timed, and grandly executed. It is stale already as news to the active. To me it is vivid and fresh still. It releases a lot of pent thoughts concerning the Italian campaign as a whole, and the progress of the war in general. I can best resume my task by gathering up the strings in narrative form, if only to preserve the continuity of record of this War Newsletter, nearly five years old.

Rome.—Rome has been spared! No doubt, the Nazis will claim to have saved the Eternal City from destruction because of their known veneration for culture; to have weakened their own strong position for defence and attack in order to spare Rome. The world will read this explanation with a pinch of salt. The battle of Rome, as it developed, ceased to be a battle for Rome. It became a battle to destroy or extricate a number of Nazi divisions. The bulk of the heavy equipment of perhaps 100,000 Nazis was doomed. The extrication of the personnel depended on infiltration backwards north of Rome by mountain by-ways narrowing to gorges, targets easy for the R.A.F. to block. Highway Six became almost unusable by the enemy, except by small parties without transport. With the saving of Rome, the civilised world heaved a sigh of relief, and realised how much this relief was due to General Alexander's brilliant plans and bold execution, and how little to the cultural susceptibilities of the Nazis.

Italy—The Second Phase.—Military text-books will perhaps one day cite this second battle for Rome as a model campaign, each move, each choice of terrain, each intervention, brilliantly planned, exactly timed, admirably executed. If it be so, the doubts, the delays, the whispered criticisms, will vanish, and need no explanation or justification. It is quite certain that the geography and weather conditions of middle Italy must always prevent, in the face of a resolute and skilful enemy entrenched, the swift overrunning of Rome from the south by a seaborne invasion. Hence the jumping-off grounds, so painfully and so slowly gained, from the Adriatic to the western seaboard, including the Anzio beachhead, were essential pre-requisites. Seaborne invaders no doubt move like a spring and can spring far, but they must always coil to spring again and the coil is made from *behind*, by the building-up of essential supplies and an organisation to push these supplies forward. Meanwhile, we rejoice in the success so far attained, so big with possibilities; and we still indulge in speculation as to the past phases. Generals Alexander and Clark have been very patient when silence was necessary and hard to bear. They deserve every meed of praise for themselves and their troops. For they have won a very decisive battle at a very decisive juncture.

THE MEN WHO PLANNED THE VICTORIES IN ITALY: General Sir Harold Alexander, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, and Lieut.-General Harding, his Chief of Staff, on a tour of the lines before the opening of the great Allied offensive for possession of Rome

The Italian Campaign.—Of all the hidden truth which peace may one day reveal to the patient, the full narrative (based on despatches and confidential documents and the accounts of participants) of the campaigns in Italy from the day of the first landing will be for me one of the most interesting. What at that time was the reasonable expectation of the powers-that-be, military and civilian? We knew that always the geographical points of the landings were conditioned and limited by questions of air cover and that, even so, risks were taken which air-cover theory could hardly justify. Would the invasion have been launched at all if it had been expected that Cassino heights would still be in German hands in May 1944? Among the general public in Britain, I am pretty sure, there was common expectation that by January 1944 our armies would be fighting in the Po Valley, at least. The weather, the geography—both ascertainable facts—completely upset the calculations of the ignorant. Did they upset the calculations of the informed? The skill and heroism of our armies did all that could be expected of them. Until the true story is told, we are left with very, very few cut-and-dried conclusions. First, admiration for the arms of our men and of our Allies. Second, that a lucky accident preserved Montgomery's deservedly high reputation—from the day he was recalled to England until May 1944, progress slowed down to a matter of inches, nor could all his fire have made it otherwise. And third, that winter weather in Italy makes campaigning well-nigh impossible.

Stalag Luft III.—It is hateful waiting for reliable details concerning the massacre of our prisoners of war during or after the attempted escape from the Breslau Stalag on March 22. During . . . *or after*? Ninety per cent. of the Allied peoples to-day believe that the Germans to a man are capable of any crime, however unspeakable. Of this percentage, a high proportion have convincing proofs. We naturally expect the worst. It is a terrible dilemma because there is no answer *during* war to crimes against humanity by a barbarous enemy. Reprisal is not to be thought of. It merely opens the door to mass murder —*vis-à-vis* barbarians. I clutch at a few straws. The German record in the treatment of British officer prisoners since 1914 has not been wholly bad. Our escapist officers of the last war and even of this war have confirmed this. It depends a lot on the type of officer who is commandant. Some have put up with a great deal of teasing, even with humanity and humour. Many have shown total inability to endure ragging, and are brutalised by a mere suspicion that their "dignity" is threatened. Mass escapes are a mistake. The danger of leakage is increased and the panic of the guards is increased when the evasion is attempted by more than two or three. Escapists know the risks. They may be shot while attempting to escape or resisting recapture. Once recaptured, the death penalty ceases to exist under international convention. During . . . *or after*? It is this doubt of which we all so anxiously await solution.

Foreign Policy.—You cannot please all the people all the time, not if you are one of a batch of Allies very diverse in character and conditions; not even if you have the tact of a Churchill or the smooth polish of an Eden. By and large, what these two pundits chose to say of the British Commonwealth's views of present and post-war foreign policy was well said and makes for confidence—most of all in the soundness of the Commonwealth after a generation of jolting and trial which must have upset any but a *craftsman's* apple-cart. It was quite inevitable that a dewdrop too many for Franco would shock the anti-Communist fanatics, and a hint here or there set the anti-power-politics fanatics squealing. What was said was not meant to be looked at under a microscope. We believe that a brighter day *is* dawning for European diplomacy and that international democracy of a true character is gradually to take the place of power politics, blocs, groups and balances, secret clauses and hidden pacts. And if in our dealings with certain unneutral neutrals in wartime, a soupçon of the bad old methods of "persuasion" still taints the dish—well, war for sheer survival, total war, implies expedients among strange bedfellows. The end justifies the means when the position is that nothing good can survive or be born until Nazism is utterly liquidated.

A Quiet Week-end.—A young man whose war work is based on London came down here to our Auburn for a quiet week-end of late. Auburn, of course, is ideally placed. It is nowhere near the sea or a seaport. It is remote from a railway. It lies right off the trunk roads. It is six miles from even a large village. It has no military installation near it. (Yes, I am wrong. There is a Morris-tube rifle range, which fell into disuse after the Great Boer War.) True, our straggling village street is part of a minor lateral road which bisects Auburn, some of whose better houses lie right on it. The young man arrived for rest and quiet. He did not get them. All day long he craned his neck to the clouds, trying to pick out the aircraft which roared back and forth overhead all day long; and all night long he listened to the same roar, hum, drone or splutter. A distant siren reminded him at last of London. And all day and most of the night, an "occasional lorry" or other military road vehicle rattled west (and, anon, east) along the village street on lawful occasions and, as it passed, every house rocked and quaked, every window was obscured with the fabric or the dust, and all conversation came to an end, perforce. He sought the quiet of the fields, only to find, and hear, the local peasantry *bombing*! He returned to the peace of London!

THE OLD STAGER

"OPERATION STRANGLE"

The Story of the Gigantic Air Offensive Against the Nazi Supply Lines in Italy

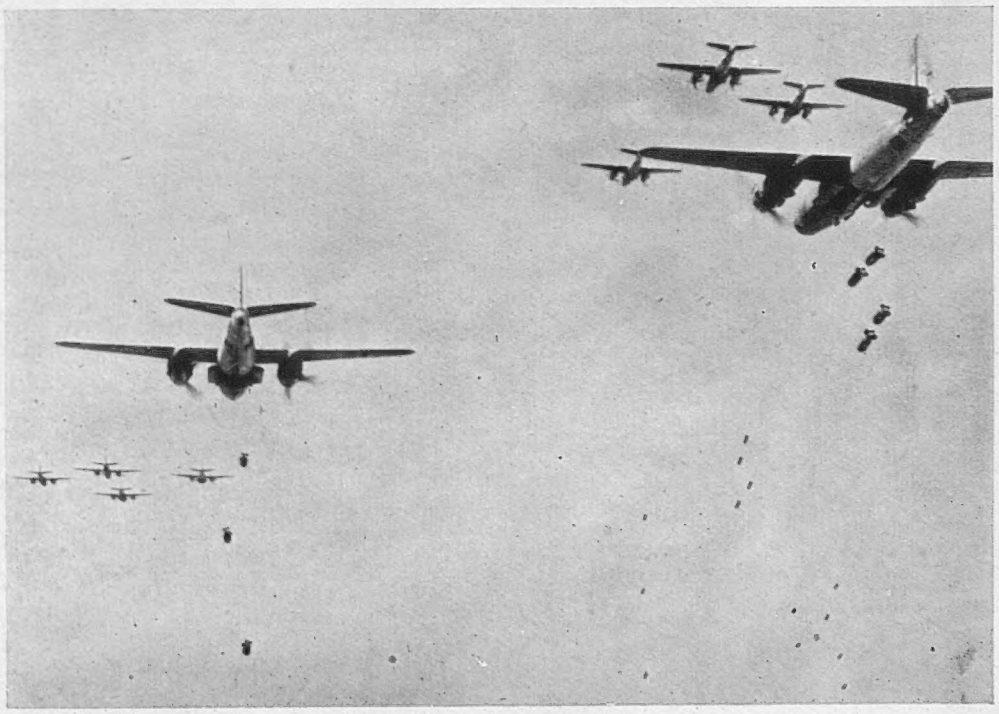
—The Campaign by Air which Preceded the Allied Campaign on Land

Behind the new Allied drive in Italy lies the story of "Operation Strangle"—the gigantic air offensive which choked off supplies and reinforcements to Nazi troops on the fighting fronts. This campaign, launched approximately two months before the ground offensive got under way, May 11, 1944, accurately and systematically drew a noose by bomb and machine-gun and cannon fire around the entire transport system in Italy. In overall technique, "Operation Strangle" may be the pattern for the pounding now being given to Nazi-held Europe by Allied air armadas in preparation for the offensive from the British Isles.

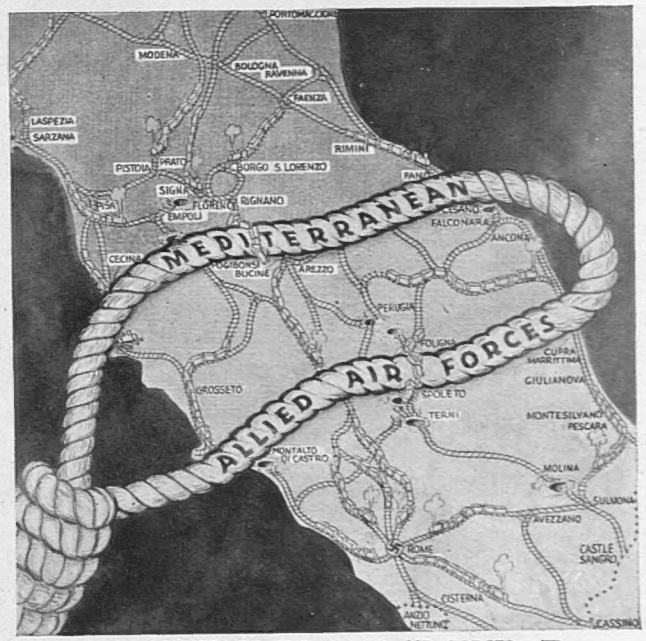
"Operation Strangle" was conceived on February 18, 1944, when Lieut.-General Ira C. Eaker, Commanding General of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force, issued a directive that the entire captive transportation system—railroad, highway and coastal—be cut.

(*Continued on page 325*)

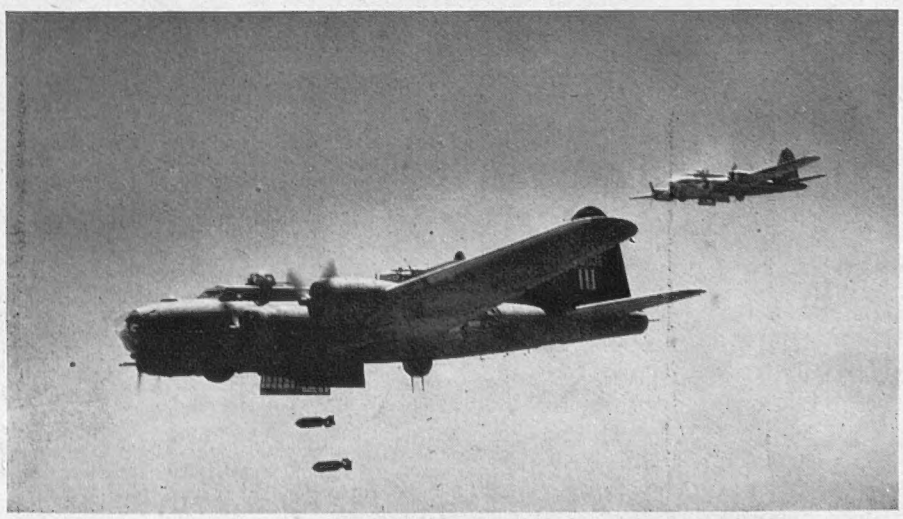
SETTING OUT ON ONE OF THEIR MANY MISSIONS TO CHOKE THE NAZIS: B26 Marauders of General Robert Webster's Sardinia-based wing of the Mediterranean Allied Tactical Air Force fly over snowcapped mountains in Italy to carry out another "Operation Strangle" mission. Marauders carried out many of these missions and made the greatest gains in the devastating campaign to choke the Nazi supply lines through Central Italy before the Allied land armies attacked along the Roads to Rome



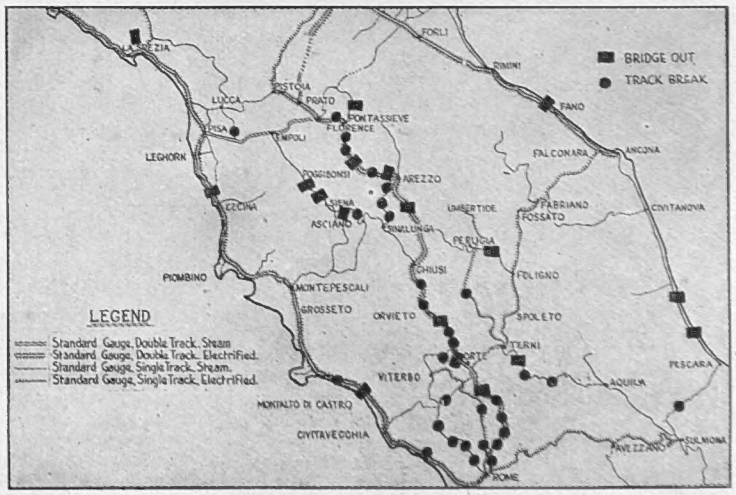
BOMBS STRIKE DOWN ON THE RAIL BRIDGE AT ALBENGA, between Genoa and the French border, as Marauders carry out a swift attack. This moment is the climax of every bombing mission



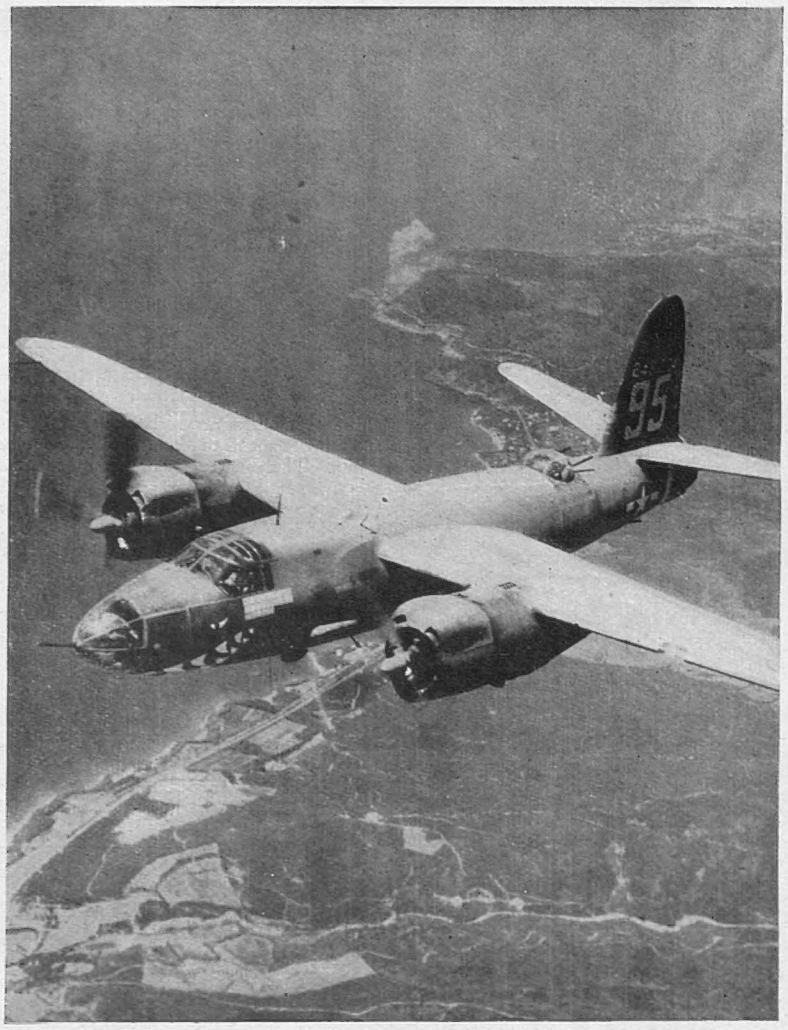
WHAT WAS PLANNED BY THE ALLIED AIR FORCES: The noose thrown across the neck of Central Italy shows the area covered by the Allied "Operation Strangle" to effect a complete aerial blockade on supplies to the enemy on the Anzio and Cassino fronts. The terrain was divided into four belts which controlled the maximum overall capacity for military supplies. The first was the Frontier Zone, compromising ten lines passing into Italy. The north-west zone in Central Italy was marked by a line extending from Spezia on the west coast to Rimini on the Adriatic. Farther south was the Cecina-Fano zone; and the last, or southernmost, was that marked by a line drawn from Montalto di Castro on the west coast through Orviete to Pescara on the east coast. These belts were referred to as "zones of interference" because, in addition to constituting bottle-neck areas, they also represented the areas in which blocks could be created with minimum effort



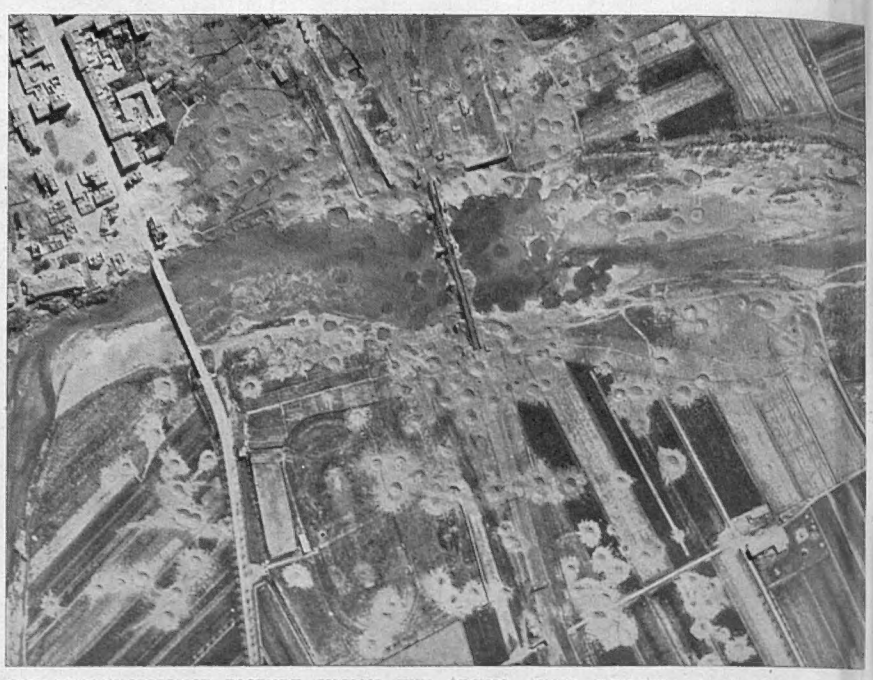
HIGH EXPLOSIVES STRIKE DOWN FROM THE BOMB BAY OF A FLYING FORTRESS, one of the hundreds of bombers used in "Operation Strangle," the new plan evolved to effect a complete aerial blockade on supplies to the German armies on the Anzio and Cassino fronts. Prisoners report that there was an acute shortage of transport and fuel, and that spare parts were hard to get because factories at Turin and Milan had been destroyed by aerial attacks



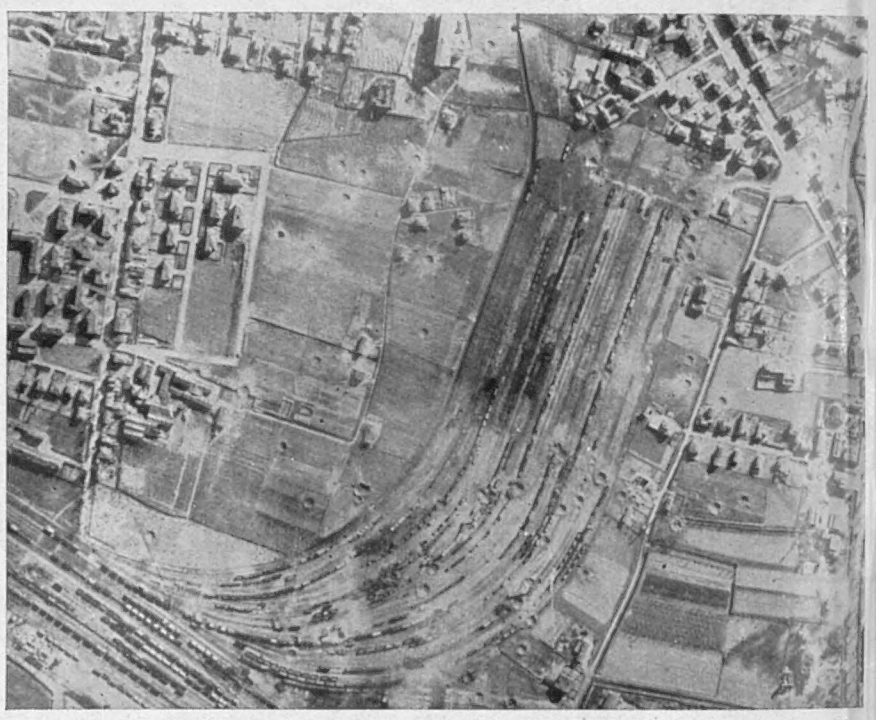
WHAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY THE TACTICAL AIR FORCES. The black squares on this map indicate where bridges were broken: the round blobs indicate the spots at which the railway tracks were severed by the bombers



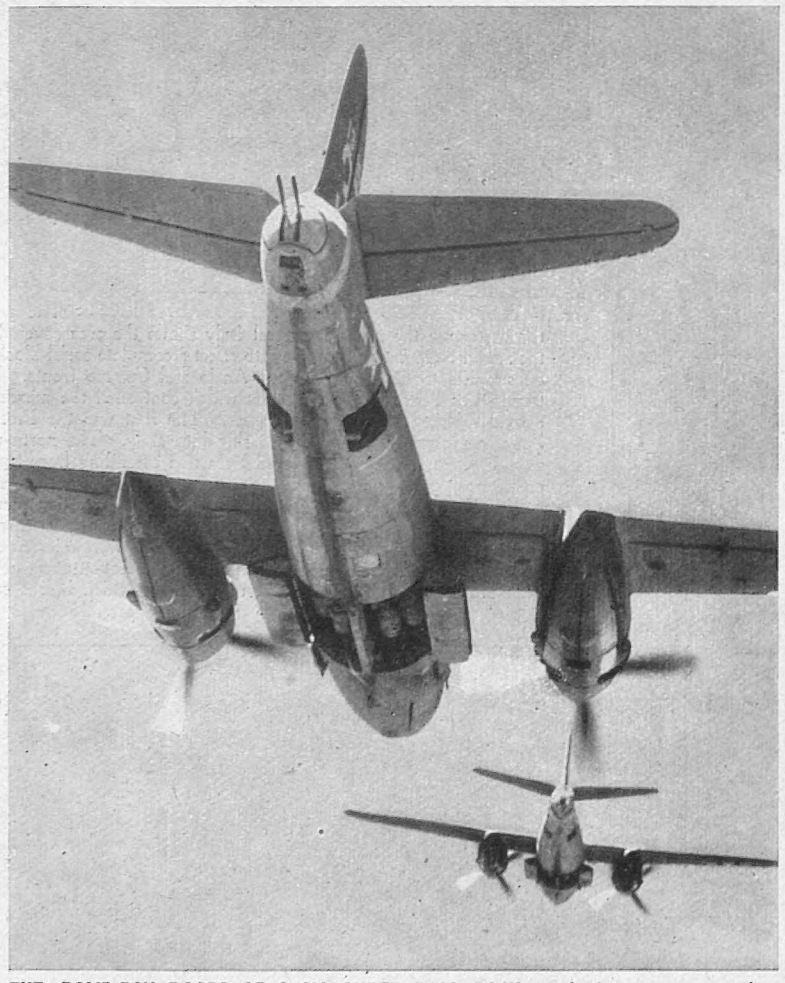
A MARAUDER, VETERAN OF FIFTY MISSIONS and proudly carrying the painted facsimiles of fifty bombs on her fuselage, crosses the West Coast of Italy after a bridge-busting mission near Florence. The column of smoke rising behind the bomber is from Calafuria, where other Marauders attacked the coastal railroad south of Leghorn. So effective was the "Strangle" that no through train moved south of the Pisa-Rimini line after March 24



THIS RECONNAISSANCE PICTURE SHOWS THE CECINA RIVER BRIDGES on the West Coast of Italy: It was taken before Marauders carried out a devastating "Strangle" attack on April 4. The rail bridge had been hit two months before and was rebuilt by the Nazis. The new span was only two days old when the Marauders returned and laid their bombs so that blast would wreck both the road bridge, which they had missed before, and the newly-built railroad bridge



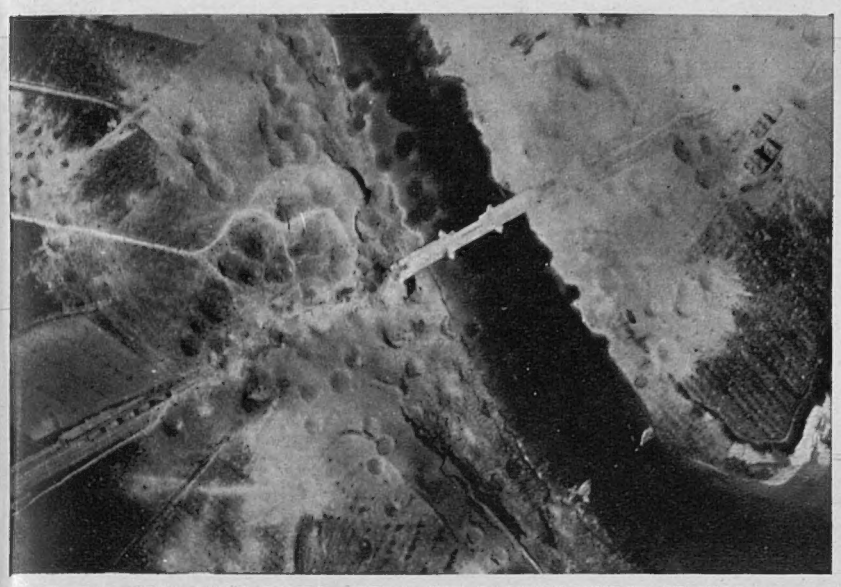
AFTER AN ATTACK BY R.A.F. WELLINGTONS ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 23-24: The marshalling yards at Padua. Freight which was unable to pass through Central Italy owing to the heavy attacks on the transport system was caught while waiting here



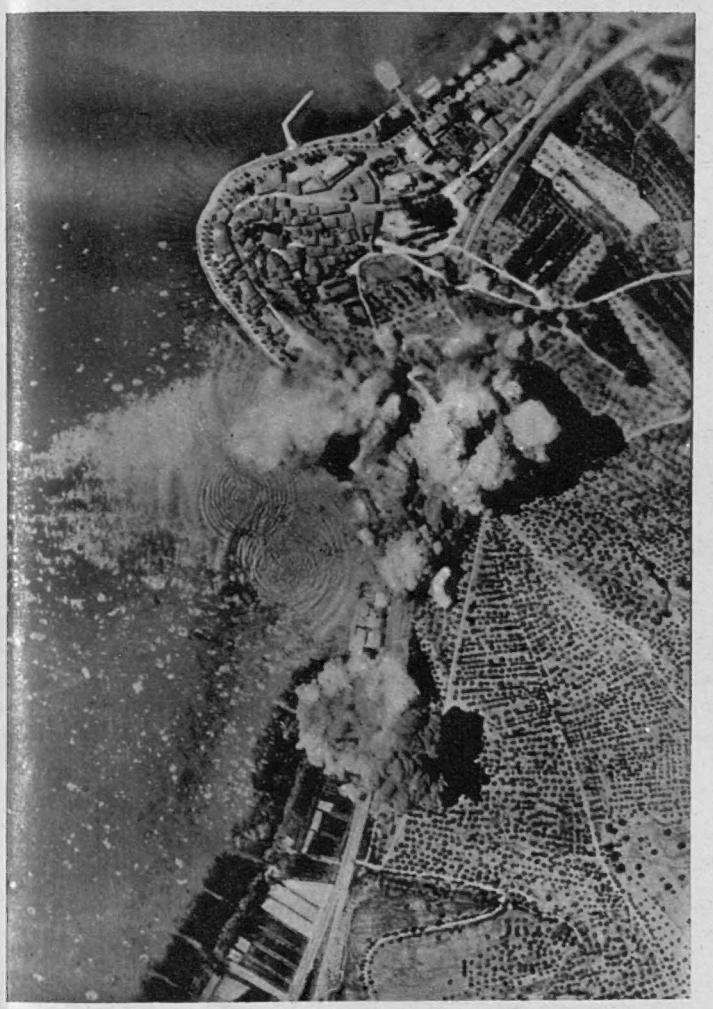
THE BOMB-BAY DOORS OF A MARAUDER ROLL BACK, and the camera catches the lethal load as it hangs suspended for one brief second over the target area: Moments later, the bombs were hurtling down on the Incisia railroad bridge south of Florence, cutting the lines in Italy. Greatest bombing of the Mediterranean campaign was scored by the Marauders on the marshalling yards in art-filled Florence. Long spared from bombing, in spite of the fact that sparing it meant dozens of targets had to be hit to do the same amount of damage that a single raid on the Florence yards could do, this rich target was finally assigned to the Marauder sharpshooters, because their accuracy had reached the stage where they could undertake the job without damage to a single art treasure. On the Campo di Monte yards, for instance, they dropped their bombs in a space less than the span of their formation

On right—**A BLOCK-BUSTER IS READIED FOR BOMBING-UP AN R.A.F. WELLINGTON** which is about to join in an attack on supplies to the enemy's front line. Wellingtons are the "work horses" of the R.A.F In the hands of precision bombers they specialise in night attacks by flarelight. Flown by some of the world's most expert aircrews, they have achieved pin-point destruction, sometimes attacking minute objectives smaller in width than their own wing-span with 4,000-lb. bombs

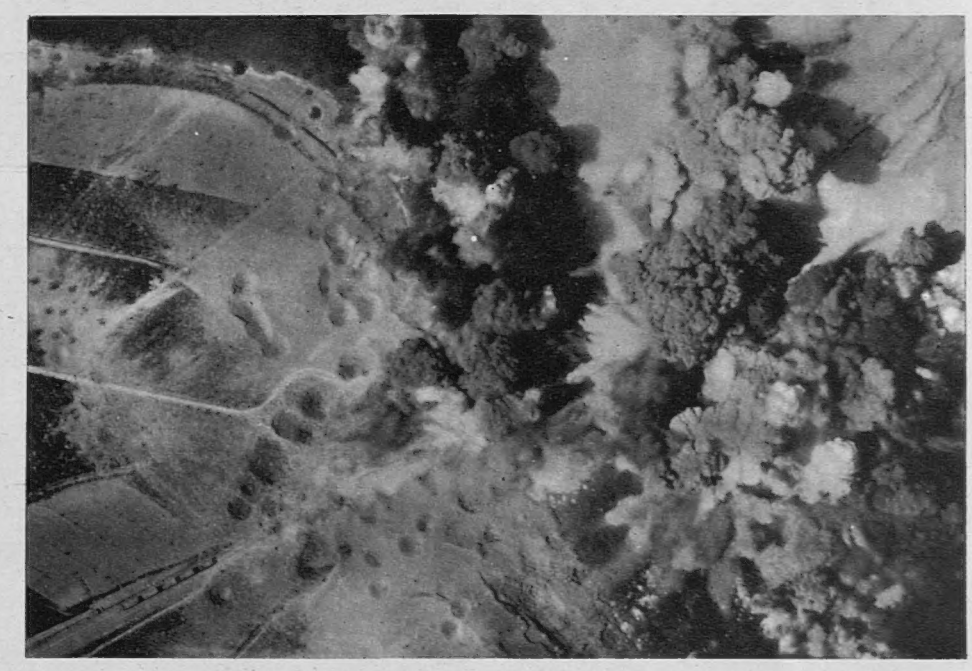
On left—**ONE OF THE ORGANISERS OF THE "OPERATION STRANGLE."** Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Holzapple (from Illinois) is at the head of one of the Marauder groups in Sardinia under the command of General Robert Webster. He is the veteran of more than sixty missions; he wears the British and American Distinguished Flying Crosses for perfecting the art of skip-bombing and planning thirteen attacks which sank nine enemy merchant ships. His ambition is to fly 100 missions and to fly the last as bombardier. In civilian life he was an insurance salesman



BOMBS, AND STILL MORE BOMBS, STRIKE THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT INCISIA : Although heavily pitted from a previous attack (on left), both ends of this bridge below Florence underwent another assault (on right) before it could be chalked off the list of "Operation Strangle" targets. Bridges are left for a time after an attack, then bombed again if the Nazis attempt to reconstruct them. Frequently a single fighter-bomber's load will wreck a bridge : on the other hand, it may be necessary to throw 500 sorties at a single span to knock it out completely



BOMBS EFFECTIVELY COVER THE MOUTH OF THE PASSIGNANO TUNNEL on the north shore of Lake Tresimeno, 75 miles north of Rome : The subsequent spectacular landslide closed the Arezzo-Perugia section of the main Rome-Florence line. Part of the "Strangle" strategy, this particular attack was carried out by B25 Mitchells on May 16



THE LAST STRING OF BOMBS EDGES IN TO SMASH THE SPAN OF THE INCISIA RAIL BRIDGE BELOW FLORENCE : A Nazi repair train, sent to repair the damage caused in an earlier attack, can be seen in the bottom left-hand corner of the picture. Amongst other similar attacks, Gullanova Bridge was attacked twice in March and five times in April—to knock it out, and keep it out. Ficulle Bridge got five attacks in April. The rail bridge north-west of Orte was hit eleven times

"OPERATION STRANGLE" —cont. from page 323

The plan to slash all Nazi lines of supply was divided into the following phases :

1. Knock out all the marshalling yards in Middle Italy. This pushed the marshalling activity into northern yards, where freight piled up into ripe targets for the long-range bombers of the Fifteenth U.S. Air Force (The Strategic), under Major-General Nathan F. Twining, and the night bombers of the R.A.F.

2. While the heavies pounded the northern yards, mediums and the fighter-bombers of the First Tactical Air Force, led by Major-General John K. Cannon, went for the bridges, the tunnels and the viaducts through Middle Italy over which Mussolini once made the trains run on time and the Nazis overtime.

3. As more and more rail lines were cut, and the Nazis were forced to employ trucks, fighter-bombers ranged the highways all over Italy, strafing motorised convoys, blasting bridges. At night, Bostons of the R.A.F. worked on the roads all over again.

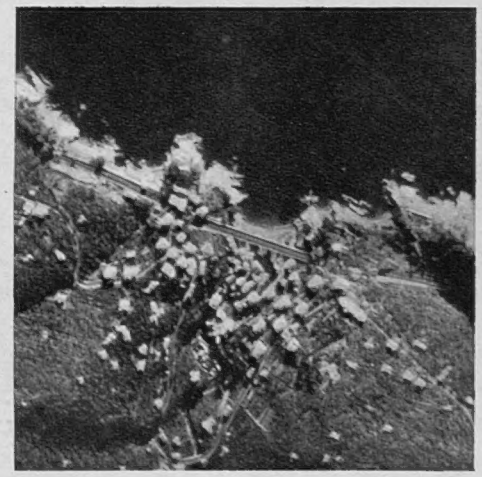
4. The Nazis were finally forced to resort to shipping. Small craft loaded up at Genoa, Leghorn, Spezia and even Marseilles and started to crawl along the West Coast towards the ports of Piombino, Orbetello and San Stefano. Tactical's fighter-bombers went into action again, strafing ships, supported by Airacobras of the Coastal Air Force. The faithful, plugging Wellingtons of the R.A.F. hammered the ports by night, the heavies of the Fifteenth U.S. Air Force by day.

"Operation Strangle" worked. By March 24, no through line to Rome was open, the nearest approach without transhipment being 125 miles away. By May 3, when the battle in Italy was about to boil again, there were eighty-five cuts in the railway network between Florence and Rome. By March 24, the first time there were complete cuts across Middle Italy, there were five bridges out and eleven track breaks. By May 1, there were thirty-two track cuts and eighteen bridges out. The strafing fighter-bombers knocked out at least forty trucks every 24 hours. Then, to cut off the Nazi supply of additional motor-vehicles and parts, bombers hammered at plants making trucks at Milan and Turin. The fighter-bombers waited until repair crews had fixed up blasted railways or highways, then went back and did the job all over again.

The Mediterranean Allied Air Force broke all its own records in "Operation Strangle." Compare these figures for the "prelude months" of April : in April of 1943, in Tunisia, it flew 8,000 sorties and dropped approximately 4,000 tons. In April of 1944, in Italy, its planes went out on 40,000 sorties and dropped 30,000 tons. It hit twenty-two rail targets April 20, twenty-six more April 22 and twenty-two more April 24.

The flying men's work was not ended when the land forces started their offensive. In fact, their job became more important when Kesselring's reeling armies demanded reinforcements and the Nazis tried to send them by road in daylight. Allied planes took to the air around the clock and one day, May 24, flew a record number of 3,300 sorties. They destroyed or damaged nearly 1,800 vehicles in two days and left the roads around Rome choked.

The story of "Operation Strangle" is told in these pictures.



"BEFORE AND AFTER" AT ZOAGLI. "Before" is shown on the left ; then a devastating attack was made on its railway viaduct which wrecked the entire structure

b

INVASION—

How Germany has Prepared for the Expected Invasion of the Allies on the West

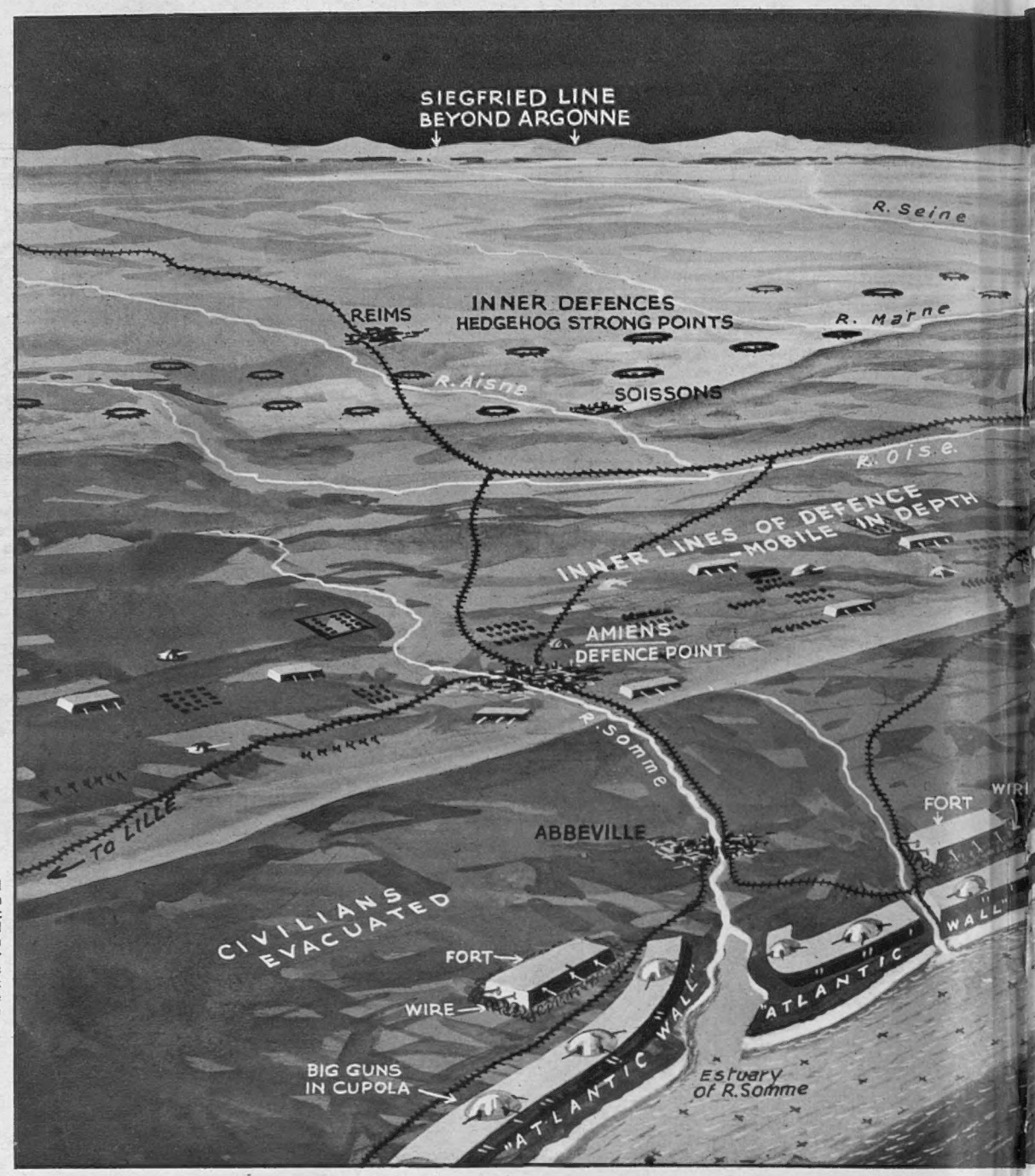
—Special Sphere Drawings and Article

The expected invasion of the Allies somewhere on the West has greatly occupied the attention of the German military authorities ever since the autumn of 1942, when the great Atlantic defensive wall was being constructed. The tremendous area to be defended, from Norway to the Bay of Biscay, made the task a gigantic one, but by using the enforced labour of the occupied countries, Hitler was determined that the entire length of coast should be fortified in such a way as to make a landing an almost impossible proposition. Statements issued to the German Press have claimed that the fortified defence system is now complete and that the invasion can be awaited in confidence.

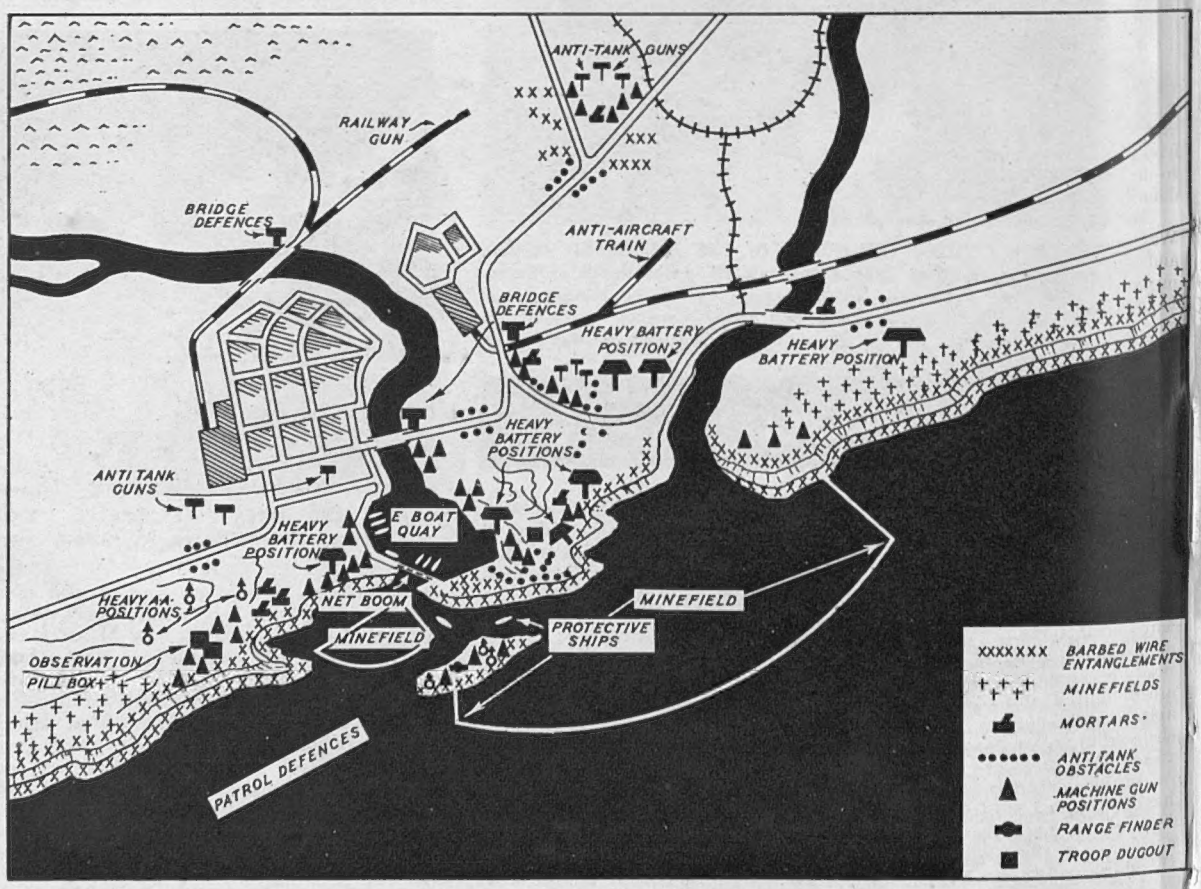
The first line of defence consists of the extensive minefields along the coast, and the U-boats which will be immediately summoned to the attack upon the vast array of Allied shipping carrying troops and material. Next stand the concrete wall along the coast, with its great guns, and barbed-wire entanglements—a fearsome obstacle, but which is not expected to hold off altogether the tremendous attacking force of the Allies. Its main object is to delay any advance, and thus give time for the huge

On left—
ON THE DUTCH COAST: German sentry looks out across a huge flooded area in Holland. In addition to the water there are obstacles designed to prevent landings from the air. This is a picture recently published in a German newspaper

On right—
IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: A scene in an unnamed town on the Côte d'Azur, showing barbed-wire entanglements erected in the streets. These were put up after the evacuation by the Germans of the civilian French population

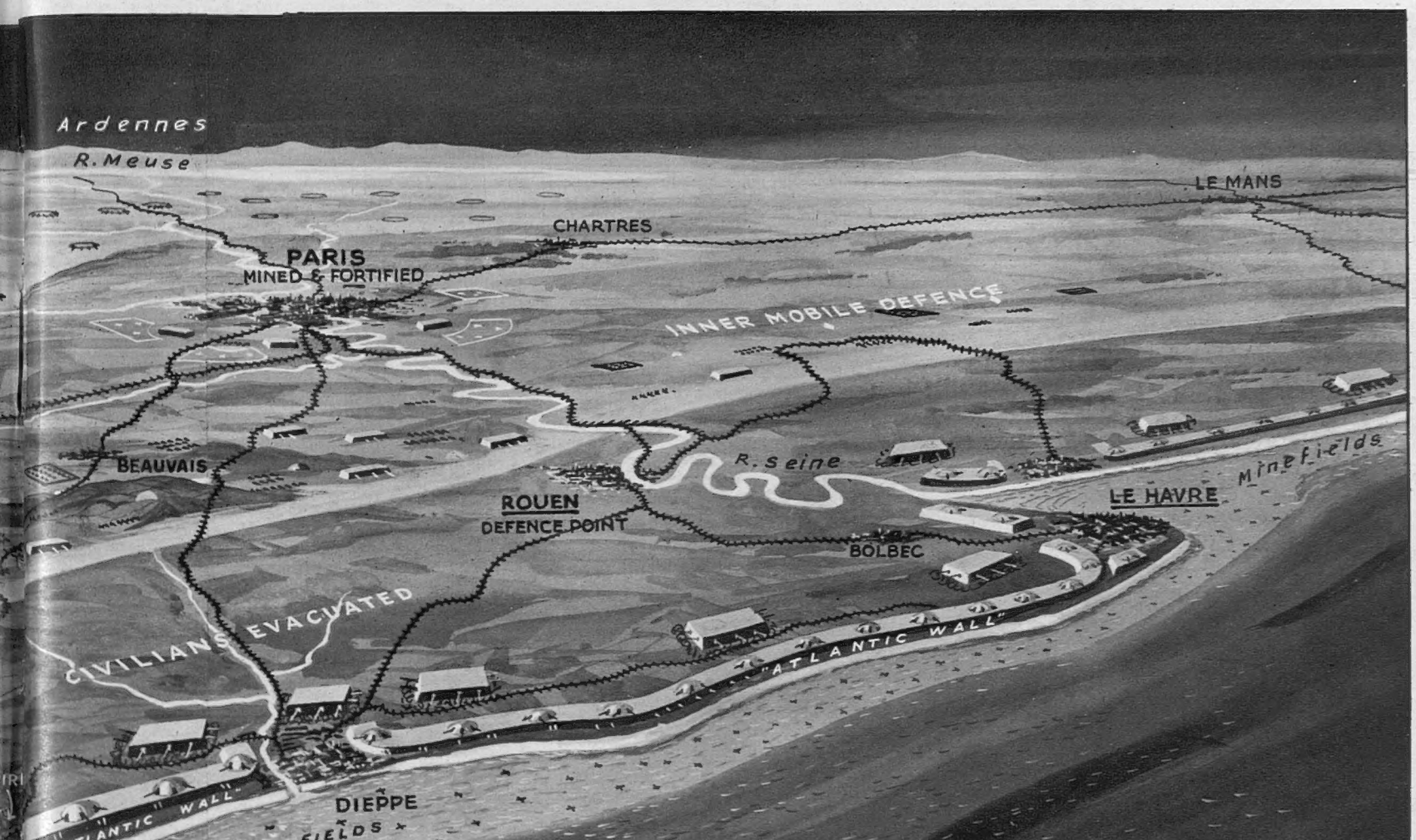


THE DEFENSIVE WORKS ALONG THE FRENCH COAST, ON WHICH THE GERMANS ARE DEPENDING TO HOLD UP purposes of graphic presentation, we have here taken the strip of coastline from Abbeville to Le Havre: the have to be overcome by our invading armies (See



HOW THE GERMANS THEMSELVES DESCRIBE THEIR ANTI-INVASION FORTIFICATIONS and the procedure they will adopt in defence: A special diagram redrawn from the German weekly newspaper "Die Wehrmacht," published in Berlin on March 8 *(See notes at left)*

On right—In the diagram is a three-mile length of seafront. German naval forces, patrol boats, minesweepers, E-boats and U-boats protect its outer approaches; behind them are the protective minefields inshore. The harbours are protected by small look-out craft and by net-booms, torpedo batteries and naval artillery. A deep belt of land inward from the coast is honeycombed with all kinds of defences, including heavy anti-aircraft batteries. Vulnerable points are reinforced with tank traps, barbed wire, machine-gun batteries and bomb-proof "battle posts": some of the latter take the form of pill-boxes of many stories. According to a detailed explanation in the German publication which makes these statements, if the invaders should overcome these preliminary obstacles there are still other difficulties to be surmounted. The invaders' reinforcements of guns, tanks, ammunition and supplies must come by sea; the defenders, however, have the great advantage of "interior lines," and can rush up to the seriously threatened points seasoned and highly-trained troops whose chief task would be to prevent the "landing" from being developed into an "invasion"



THE ALLIED INVASION OF THE CONTINENT if it should be launched across the Channel. For the drawing shows the types of obstacle and fortification which stretch far into the interior and which would *accompanying article*)—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

mobile reserve force, stationed in different areas to rush its armoured and motorised troops to the invasion points. Inner lines of defence are prepared further inland, varying in each of the countries likely to be invaded, but all planned to be fought in depth, not on a definite fortified line.

By December last the Atlantic Wall had been further extended and strengthened with the cement-mixers busy at work day and night. It apparently has steep slopes facing the sea, bristling with great guns, and nests of machine-guns. There are no longer any gaps such as were discovered by our troops at Dieppe, where all openings have now been fortified, with tank entrenchments and barriers of walls to prevent any entry into the town. The attempt upon Dieppe showed certain weaknesses which are now overcome. Every place along the coast has been made almost invulnerable. Great forts, protected by extensive stretches of wire entanglement, and surrounded by machine-guns and anti-tank guns, stand at strategic positions along the area of wall. The heavy guns are mounted under armoured domes said to be able to stand against the heaviest bombs and the shells from naval guns. They can not only fire out to sea but can be turned to fire in all directions.

In France nearly all the civilian population has been evacuated from the coastal area, from Dunkirk to Le Havre, preventing any attempted assistance to the Allies should they make landings there at any time.

Similar steps have been taken in the Low Countries and Norway. The Germans have always been nervous about Holland, which they consider the most vulnerable, so much so that they began defence works there in 1941. Denmark's fortifications have been also vastly strengthened since Rommel pointed out certain weaknesses. Norway, too, has its natural defence in its rugged coast and high mountains, but every spot considered conceivable as a landing-place has been strongly fortified.

Heligoland has been turned into a defence fortress, strengthened by all that reinforced concrete can achieve, with roads cut into the rock, which holds the heaviest guns; stocks of food and arms are stored away in impregnable places, and all are connected by rail. The German coast behind Heligoland consists of sandbanks and swamps, well guarded by mines, booms and nets.

GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS ARE SENT TO THE WEST. A warning was recently given to the Nazi armies in Western Europe to be on their toes. "When the zero-hour strikes," it said, "you must fight as you have never fought before." Here are some of the men who are awaiting the invasion, with their special, tracked troop-carrying cars

HOLLAND A "WATER FORTRESS." According to the Germans, large areas of the Dutch coast have been flooded as a defence measure. It will take years before the land can again be drained

A FLOODED AREA IN HOLLAND: Ditches and canals are still visible, but, say the Germans, when the water rises the area will become a lake. And invaders wading through "will get some nasty shocks"

SPIES WILL MAKE A DIFFERENT STORY

The New Methods in Espionage Brought into Being During the Present War, and the Manner in which the Spies of To-day Work

—Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN the genuine espionage books relating to this war are in due course published, they will be followed by an international spate of concocted revelations, semi-fiction and honest fiction, and I have been wondering whether it will be a more colourful and exciting yarn, in the round, than it was last time.

Without pressing in order to try and make one's point, there have undoubtedly been considerable changes under what Kipling miscalled "The Standard of Yellow." In several salient respects, the face of espionage has altered. It seems to have become more official, less casual. Despite the relative scarcity of movement between nations, contact is less difficult. Class, racial and political considerations play a bigger part. "Patriot" agents are many, compared with 1914-18. "Ideological" deserters give information of a nature that would have occupied whole "spy circles" in the past.

Some of the change that has come over a craft which is ignoble only in spots is manifest in the broadcasts that a staff officer of General Eisenhower is making to occupied countries. Thanks to the advent of broadcasting, he is able to ask millions of people to prepare information in advance, of a kind which, during 1914-18, had to be endlessly toiled for across the lines. I remember a General (Lord Loch) saying, in 1915: "We ought to offer a prize of £50,000 to the fellow who enables us to communicate with over there" (pointing beyond Ypres). What French and Foch benefited from only in a flimsy way has been brought within the broad scope of the Eisenhower Command.

This leads one to consider the change that has been wrought in espionage work by the various movements of Revolt on the Continent. These men dispose of instruments which have not only transformed guerilla warfare, but spying also: the radio and the parachute. How many gallant agents would have died in vain in the past, trying to encompass what these two means render almost a commonplace!

By radio, Revolt leaders can maintain touch with their spreading underground campaigners; they can keep their men's pecker up, come down on excessive zeal, and signal for specific acts to be committed. And all the time information of divers kinds can be collected with reference to the enemy, which is the very stuff that is wanted "at higher levels," internationally. All this, remember, would of old have fallen to the lot of spies, coming and going in grievous peril and travail.

As for the parachute, what a tale there should be to tell one day. What an advance since the days, twenty-six years ago, of the "special flights" executed by a Védrines and a Woodhouse, landing perhaps half-a-dozen agents, all told, in occupied France and Belgium. It used to be so fearfully difficult to land and take-off in secret with those planes. Now liaison officers sway down from the skies at appointed spots which are in friendly Allied hands. I am thinking of what extraordinary value it would have been had the Allies been able to land a qualified officer behind the German lines, and collect him, at the time Ludendorff was cracking in mid-1918 and we didn't know it.

Then there is the fresh impact created by "ideological" spying. Secret agents who work for a cause or for their country have always been more persevering and reliable and have risked greater perils than workers for gain. Time may prove me wrong, but I can't help thinking that less money has been passed on to the rank and file of spies in this war, and that greater call has been made on political convictions rising to fanaticism. Take the fourteen spies who have landed in Britain up to now, and been executed. Four British, four Germans, three Dutch, two Belgians, one Swiss. So far as I could determine, all save three worked first and foremost for Hitler, whether they were German or foreign.

Another aspect of the "ideological" side was vouchsafed by the apprehension of those six young Italians behind Alexander's lines. "These enemy agents," it was said officially, "were all picked by the Germans from Fascist organisations in German-occupied Italy." And the report of the executions, which were obviously ordered as an exemplary warning, though, of course, merited in themselves, went on to tell what the youths had been coached to find out: political and economic facts in the Allied zone, the markings on military vehicles, and gun positions and A.-A. sites. With sabotage of petrol dumps thrown in.

That this sort of thing can be a double-edged weapon was demonstrated not long after by the Case of the Dozen Indians. The dozen were prisoners of the Japanese, who singled them out for "treatment," as being the most intelligent and co-operative. Implicit confidence was placed in the dozen, who were given a series of courses, lasting over a year, in sabotage, propaganda work, the things the Japanese wanted to know, and wireless transmission. Landed by submarine at a lonely point, the dozen at once contacted the British and gave "a great deal of valuable information."

This prompts the general assumption that those in uniform have participated much more in espionage than in the past (out of uniform, naturally) and civilians correspondingly less; and by "uniform" I include the majority who work from Axis consulates and the like. Rieth's Tangier band has been the more dangerous on this account, for here has been a highly-trained nest of agents, severally expert in this and that field, and all bitten by the driving "ideological" bug, which at least breeds integrity of work.

On the other hand, Germans who see the red light are not averse to quitting their "ideology" even when they themselves belong to the Intelligence branch, and recent happenings in this regard must be giving a headache-and-a-half to General Nicolai's successor. Nicolai wrote the first "inside" book, namely, *Inside the German Secret Service*, and I have sometimes wondered to what extent all the genuine S.S. revelations made between wars reshaped and modified the tricks and methods of to-day.

Then there are the collaborationists. They, too, have brought a new twist. "General Ujszaszy, head of the Hungarian counter-espionage service, and Colonel Kadar, his assistant, have been shot for collaboration with the enemy"—German communiqué. No wonder the German Radio warns that "The enemy is beginning to draw a fine net of espionage all over the places he wants to watch. He shuns no device. Faced with such an enemy, extreme vigilance is imperative." The truth being that the Germans are unable to trust even a Sacha Guitry, though they must be surer of "Haw-Haw."

One certainty is that the Germans are putting up all sorts of stunts and diddling designed to bamboozle even the most unanticipated observers in the places we want to watch.

Not that the Germans do not also score as a result of novelties that have been injected into espionage. Torture by the Gestapo, to which Germans of 1914 never would have resorted, must have drawn many a secret from men and women working for Allied liberating and haplessly fallen into their hands. Hence the pills that a Medéric carried, and which have given something new to the theologians to worry out, with respect to the sin of suicide.

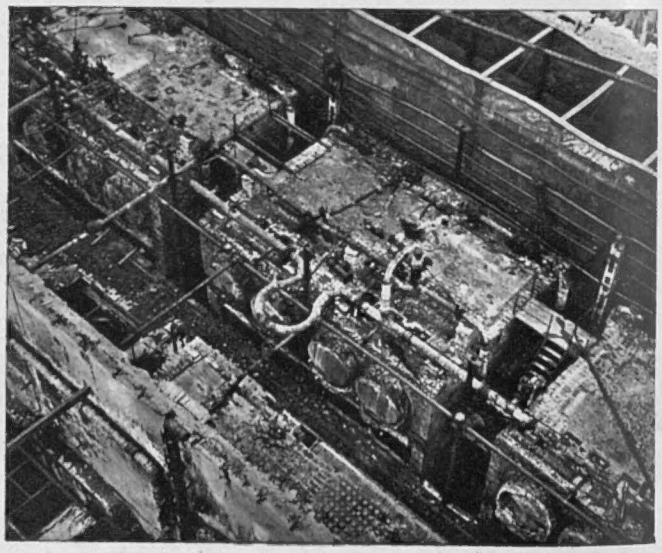
Another gain to the Germans has lain in their ability to profit on several continents through the agency of their temporary satellite subjects, not to mention non-belligerents and others wavering up and down "neutrality." The Germans have raised diplomatic espionage to a new high, and in certain remaining instances the best means of defence seems to be to draw precise local *cordons sanitaires* round the suspects while sending them socially to complete Coventry, even the most engaging of them.

Nor should we overlook what the various Axis Armistice Commissions contrived to do before they had to quit this and that territory. It was well revealed in Morocco when the Fighting French executed fourteen "clever and well-educated natives, taken prisoners by the Germans during the battle of France, and taken special 'care' of by the Nazis." These natives, we are told, were left behind in North Africa with ample funds, "and they proved very efficient."

But several of these secret service novelties cut two ways, and so does this one. For if these natives came from the Trojan Horse of 12,000,000 foreign labour conscripts that the Germans have amassed mainly within "Greater Germany," how very many more of these Hitler victims have been of service to the Allies? The defence (*Abwehr*) branch of the German Intelligence is by its own confession working overtime on the Trojan Horse.

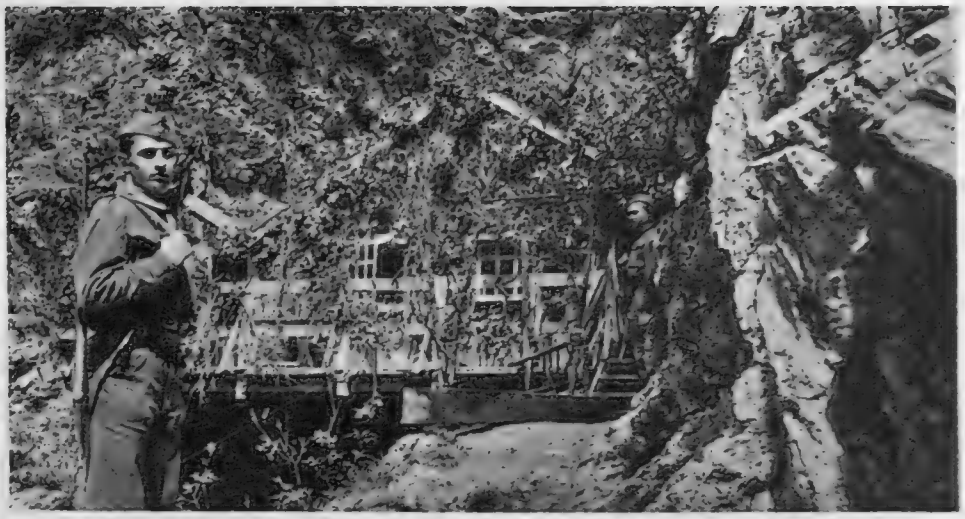
All of which is not to say that much of old-time espionage has not been carried forward. If Argentina offers the classic example of the new-style official spying, message after message from Sweden tells of bygone methods and types still continuing. We hear of spy rings and spy marts, of eternal watchers of the narrow waters, of the friendly "businessman" insinuating himself at café tables, of Himmler lovelies being "tried" and shot.

There has even been a Mata Hari, in Paris again, who seems to have been more dangerous than her overrated prototype. A breath from the past!



SABOTAGE BY THE PARTISANS OF YUGOSLAVIA: Here are two pictures of a celluloid factory which, before the war, employed 3,000 people. When the Italians invaded the country, it was converted into a plant for the manufacture of explosives. To-day it is in ruins—the result of sabotage work by devoted Yugoslavs, who have declared all-out war on the enemy, despite the great number of Germans now occupying their country

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARSHAL TITO taken recently in Yugoslavia. With him is his favourite pet—a German police dog which answers to the name of "Tiger"



THE CABIN UP IN THE MOUNTAINS which serves Marshal Tito as a residence and as his Partisan Headquarters

Leaders of Resistance INSIDE YUGO-SLAVIA

Situated in the mountains, the cabin in which the Partisan Leader lives is difficult for visitors to locate. It is reached by a steep path cut out of the mountain-side, and the visitor is subjected to a critical examination by the Partisan Guards

THE LEADERS OF THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT: From left to right in the front row are—Colonel Filipovich, Kovard Kardelt and Marshal Tito. Behind are—Radonja (Marshal Tito's Secretary), Cholakovich (Secretary of the National Anti-Fascist Council—a kind of parliament), Koebek (Minister of Education), and Lieut.-General Greten Zujevich

THE FIRST ALLIED PRESS CONFERENCE INSIDE "HITLER'S EUROPE." Dr. Vladimir Ribnikar, Tito's Minister of Information, is interviewed by Allied War Correspondents at the Partisans' mountain headquarters. Mme. Ribnikar is seated at her husband's side

MARSHAL TITO, LEADER OF THE PARTISANS, with his Chief of Staff in Yugoslavia, Major-General Arsa Yovanovich

AT THE SECOND ANTI-FASCIST YOUTH CONGRESS HELD IN YUGOSLAVIA. Soldiers and delegates at the Conference, which was held under the very noses of the German forces of occupation, prepare to return to their homes

The second Anti-Fascist Youth Congress of Marshal Tito's Army of Liberation has just finished in Yugoslavia. The picture on the left shows some of the delegates who took part preparing for their return journey of about thirty days through enemy-held territory. It took them a like time to reach the Conference, fighting the enemy for the greater part of the trek. The leader of the party was a young girl, Stana Tomashevich, twenty-one years of age, who has been fighting the Germans for three years and has been twice wounded. On arrival she was made chairman of the Congress

STANA TOMASHEVICH, Chairman of the Congress, is only twenty-one years of age

A BEAUFIGHTER OF COASTAL COMMAND SHOWS HOW THE ROCKET PROJECTILES ARE FIRED: Each aircraft carries eight "R.P.'s"—four under each wing and fitted in guide rails. They can be fired in pairs, or in one terrifying salvo of eight. Two of them have been discharged here: the trail of gas from the rockets blankets the upper portion of the rudder and part of the tail fin in a cloud of white smoke. There is no recoil from these new weapons—a most favourable feature

The New ROCKET PLANES of the R.A.F.

Pictures which Show How They are Equipped and How They Operate at Sea

A few days ago, details of the new "Rocket Projectiles" of the R.A.F. were made public. They have proved so successful that they are now the most powerful weapon operated by Coastal Command against Hitler's U-boats and convoys.

Four types of aircraft are fitted with the "R.P."—Beaufighters, Hurricanes, Typhoons and Swordfish. Each of them carries eight of the rockets, four under each wing. They are fired along guide rails, either in pairs or as a salvo of eight. The rocket consists of a shell and a tube filled with cordite: the cordite is ignited by a fuse, and the consequent flow of gas from the tail propels the rocket in the sighted direction. Four fins are fitted to each rocket to keep it stable in flight. There is no recoil, a valuable consideration.

The "R.P." can be used either as a primary weapon to sink enemy shipping, or as a secondary weapon to reduce the fire from flak ships and escort vessels. It was first introduced nearly a year ago: within the last six months, 563 attacks have been made on enemy vessels with the new weapon. Sixty-six of the vessels attacked are now at the bottom of the sea, and many others—seriously damaged—had to be beached by their crews.

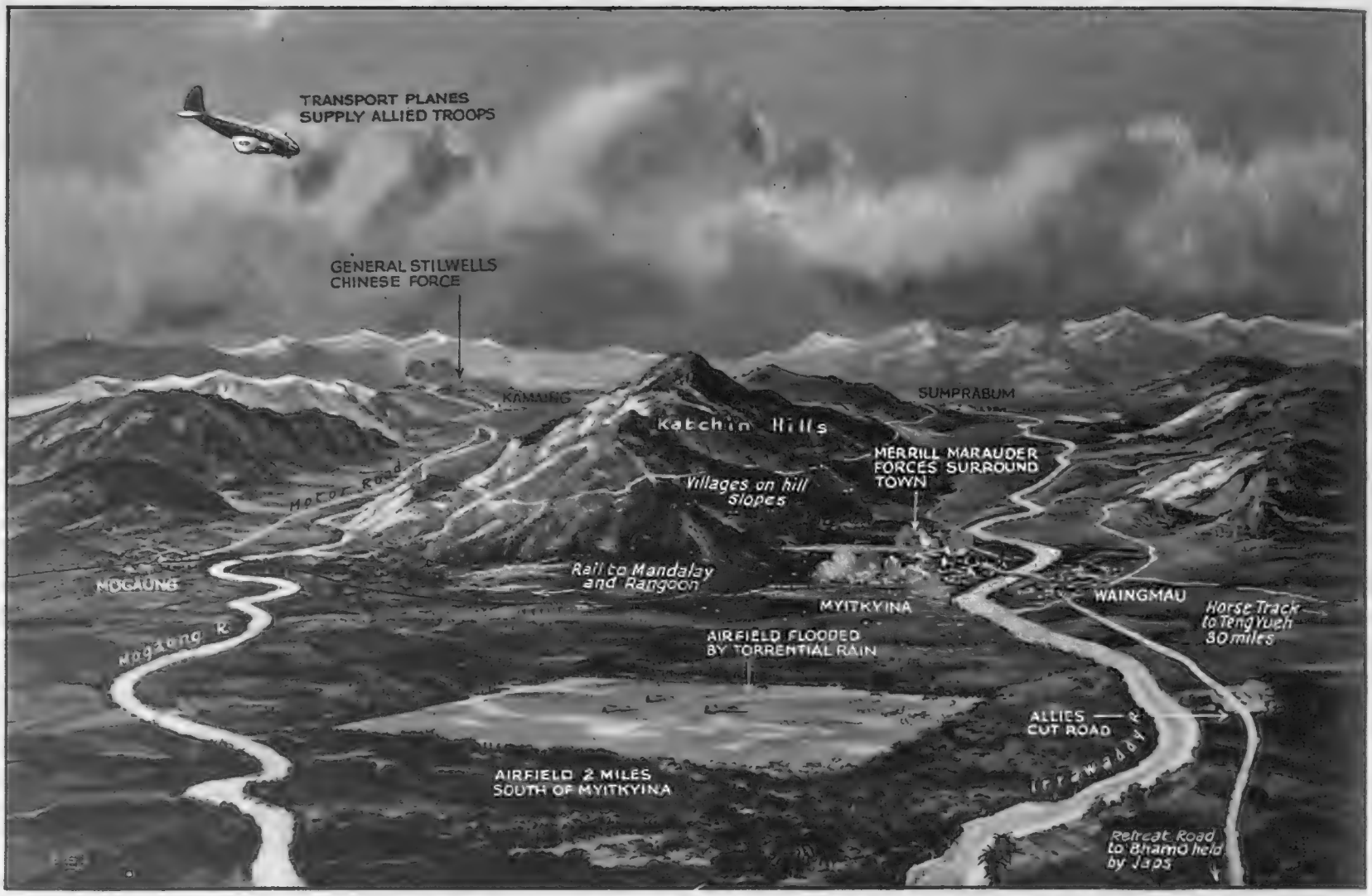
THE GROUND CREW LOAD THE ROCKET PROJECTILES into the guide rails beneath the Beaufighter's wing. Four fins are fitted to each rocket to keep it stable whilst in flight

ONLY AFTER THE ENGINES HAVE BEEN RUN UP and the aircraft is about to take off are the rocket projectiles fused. The ground staff are here seen carrying out this task just before the aeroplane take-off

THE KING INSPECTS THE LATEST TYPE OF TYPHOON, fitted with "R.P.'s," during his recent visit to a British R.A.F. Station

HOW THE ROCKET PROJECTILE AIRCRAFT OPERATE AGAINST ENEMY SHIPPING: A Nazi armed trawler is here being attacked by Beaufighters of Coastal Command. One of the projectiles can be seen at the extreme right, just after it had been fired from the aircraft: two other rockets can be seen nearing the trawler from the left-hand side of the picture. The other disturbances in the water have been caused by the shells from the cannon-guns of other aircraft which participated in the attack

STREAKING AHEAD OF THE BEAUFIGHTER, A PAIR OF ROCKET PROJECTILES HEAD FOR THE TARGET IN A FLAT TRAJECTORY, leaving a trail of smoke behind them. The coastline can be seen dimly in the background. These rockets will easily penetrate the sides of ships, often sinking them by striking below the water and tearing a great hole in the hull. Sixty-six vessels are known to have been sunk by these rocket projectiles, and many others have been seriously damaged, during the course of 563 attacks carried out against Nazi ships over a period of six months



THE GREAT SURPRISE FROM BURMA: The capture of the airfield at Myitkyina by Merrill's Marauders, and the investment of the town by the Allied forces—despite the hampering effects of the torrential rains—
Drawing by E. G. Lambert (see notes below)

The SIEGE of MYITKYINA

And Other News out of Burma

BOMBING AN ENEMY STRONG-POINT IN BURMA. The crew of one of the Wellingtons talk over their part in the operation after their return to base

In two attacks, Allied and medium bombers recently destroyed a heavily fortified strong-point of the Japs at Ningthonkhong. These attacks—part of the largest combined land-air offensive on the Burma front—were planned to help the Allied land forces in their drive to regain control of the supply road to Imphal from Moirang. They were part of a 24-hours' onslaught against the Jap defence positions on the road. American Liberators and Mitchells and R.A.F. Wellingtons of the Strategic Air Force struck at this enemy strong-point; one Wellington squadron which took part had recently flown its one-thousandth sortie

The small Japanese garrison in Myitkyina, though surprised by the sudden appearance of Merrill's troops, has not proved easy to overcome. They lost the main airfield, lying to the south of the town, but kept up resistance within the town itself. At first it seemed that they would be quietly overwhelmed—the railway station was captured after fierce fighting, and about a third of the town was occupied. But then the pre-monsoon rain began, hampering operations. The enemy, behind his log defences and bunkers, could not be moved.

The Japanese strongly posted in Myitkyina are fighting with their customary stubbornness. General Stilwell is doubtless reluctant to destroy the town by heavy bombing, as he is anxious to enter it with his troops and occupy it through the coming monsoon period. Street fighting has been fierce, and the railway station was retaken by the enemy, but the Allied forces continued to press their way into Myitkyina.

AMERICAN SAPPERS ON RECONNAISSANCE in the Naga jungle, to find a shorter route for a section of the Ledo Road. The original route, urgently needed, was only hurriedly chosen: already it has been shortened by some miles

ON THE LEDO ROAD—LIFELINE TO CHINA: Winding and climbing crazily, the road switchbacks over the jungle-covered Naga Hills: its construction and maintenance are marvels of wartime engineering. Along its track are outposts of the most highly developed industries of the world; round it has sprung up a medley of peoples and trades

The Ledo road runs from Ledo, in the Assam Hills, through northern Burma, across the Hukaung Valley to Chungking. The latter end, a mule-track continuation of the road, is barred by the Japanese; but contact with China is possible. The road itself is rough, precipitous, either clogged with heavy mud during the rains or clouded with dust, and often blocked by landslides. It was cut at incredible speed through "uncharted" jungle: the Engineers are still plotting new short cuts through the Naga Hills. On either side of this highway the wild life of the jungle waits (slightly bewildered by the roar of jeeps and supply lorries) for the time when the monsoon and the jungle will reclaim their own

AFTER THE BREAK-THROUGH BY THE ALLIED ARMIES IN CENTRAL ITALY. TRANSPORT lined up behind the front waiting to move forward in the wake of the advancing Armies. Similar scenes to this were enacted all along the line, as lorries, jeeps, and miscellaneous vehicles of all kinds waited to bring up their supplies and equipment to the fighting men after the collapse of the Gustav and Adolf Hitler Lines

The ALLIED OFFENSIVE in ITALY

—A Special Sphere Section

Scenes During the Battles on the Road to Rome, Depicted in Special Drawings by "Sphere" Artists and in Official Photographs from the Fighting Fronts

On this and the following pages, we present to our readers a number of drawings specially done for this issue to illustrate the strategy of the present big offensive in Italy and to depict outstanding incidents during the heavy fighting on the various battlefronts. At the same time, we reproduce some official photographs, of which a great number is now reaching this country. Most of these are, of course, concerned with the break-through of the Gustav and Hitler Lines and the operations immediately following that achievement. At the moment, the Fifth and Eighth Armies are far in advance of those Lines and heavy fighting continues for Rome—and for the destruction of the German forces under Kesselring's command. Later phases of the campaign will be given in drawing and photograph in subsequent issues of this journal

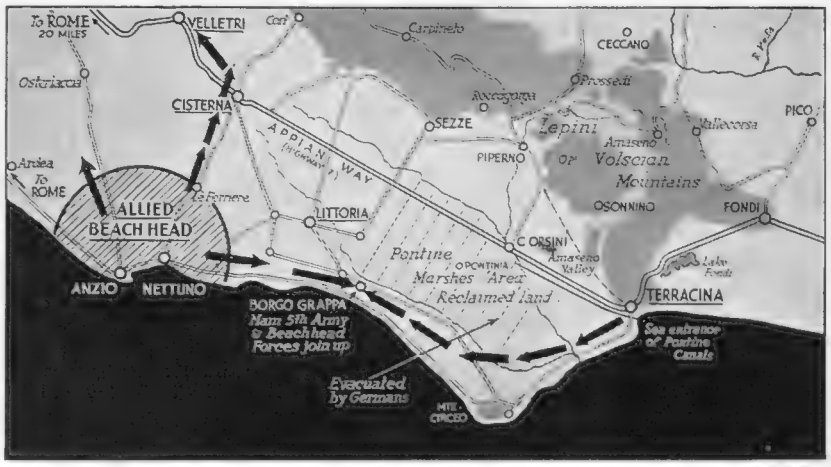
THE NAVY'S PART IN THE ITALIAN ADVANCE. As the Fifth Army went forward at the western end of the line, the British cruiser "Dido," with an escort of U.S. destroyers, carried out a bombardment of the Appian Way in the Terracina area and upon enemy heavy artillery in the Gaeta area. This picture was taken on the cruiser's bridge during the shoot. The gunnery officer—Lieut. A. A. Cavendish (in duffle coat in the centre)—is directing the fire of the cruiser's 5·25-in. guns; the Signals Officer in the centre background (in front of the wireless set) is receiving reports from the spotting aircraft over the mainland. Rear-Admiral John M. Mansfield is standing on the right (back to camera, with tin hat). "Dido" is a cruiser of 5,450 tons: she was compieted in 1940. Her principal armament consists of ten 5·25-in. guns, but she also mounts sixteen smaller weapons

The BREAKING of the GERMAN LINES—

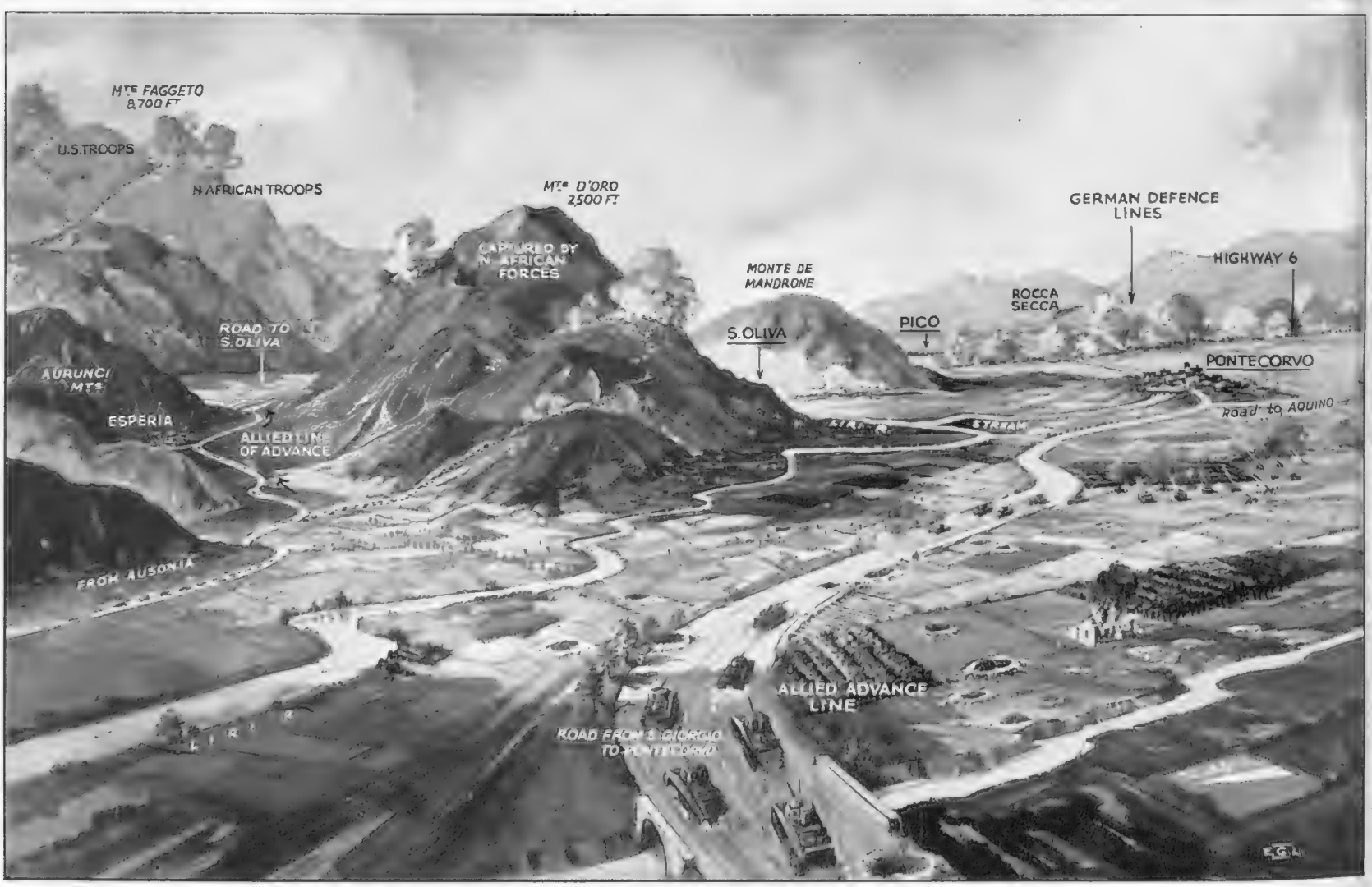
How it was Accomplished, and the "Battle of the Two Gaps" which Followed—*Special Sphere Diagram-Drawings*

Directly after Cassino had fallen on May 18, the Eighth Army drove forward along the cleared portion of Highway Six, pursuing the Germans, hoping to catch them before they had fully settled into the Hitler Line. They got as far as the Aquino aerodrome, situated close to the railway, about 1 mile to the east of the little town, which had been made into a highly-fortified position. The Canadian armoured forces rapidly dealt with the enemy paratroops left on guard, and then British tanks pressed on to Aquino. The country was not good for tanks, being much cut up by waterways, and heavily wooded, hiding the enemy, and, moreover, the ground was thickly mined. On the morning of May 20, under cover of an early mist, the tanks advanced, but were halted when the mist lifted, and they found themselves against the formidable defences of the Hitler Line, facing anti-tank guns.

Meanwhile, the Poles who had captured Monastery Hill were capturing heights and pushing on towards the fortified village of Piedimonte, a stronghold of the Hitler Line. They captured S. Lucia, a mile to the north-west, on May 20, and two days later were reported to be in Piedimonte, but the Germans held on grimly day after day, till only pockets of the enemy were left contesting the Poles, who finally captured it on the 25th. Monte Cairo, the great mountain to the north of Cassino, remained in German hands. The Liri Valley lay open to the observers on the mountain, and Highway Six suffered from constant shelling. The Germans were determined to hold this sector from Monte Cairo, through Piedimonte to Aquino, as a pivotal point. Fighting had continued at Aquino, with the enemy making counter-attacks with considerable force, till on the 23rd the Eighth Army launched a determined offensive with tanks and infantry advancing, piercing through the defence. The Canadians, fighting for the first time as an army corps, broke through the gap which had been made, north of Pontecorvo, getting across the 20-ft.-wide tank ditch against the fiercest opposition. They pressed on for 5 miles till they reached the River Melfa, which runs into the Liri to the east of San Giovanni. The breaking of the Hitler Line, in the northern part of the Liri Valley, took place simultaneously with the offensive started at the Anzio beachhead. Faced with such an assault, and with the advance of the French and American troops farther south, Kesselring began to withdraw his forces. Aquino was evacuated on the 25th, the German line running west to the Melfa River towards San Giovanni, a key-post of the new position. The Canadians stood on the steep banks of the Melfa, across which they had a bridgehead, ready with armour, guns, sappers and infantry for the next forward movement. They were cheered by the news that Monte Cairo was captured on the 26th, thus eliminating the devastating power of the enemy's greatest observation posts



WHERE THE FIFTH ARMY AND THE BEACHHEAD FORCES LINKED UP AT BORGO GRAPPA, to the south of Littoria and the Pontine Marshes. Patrols of the Fifth Army had come up from Terracina and met patrols which had broken out from the eastern edge of the beachhead zone



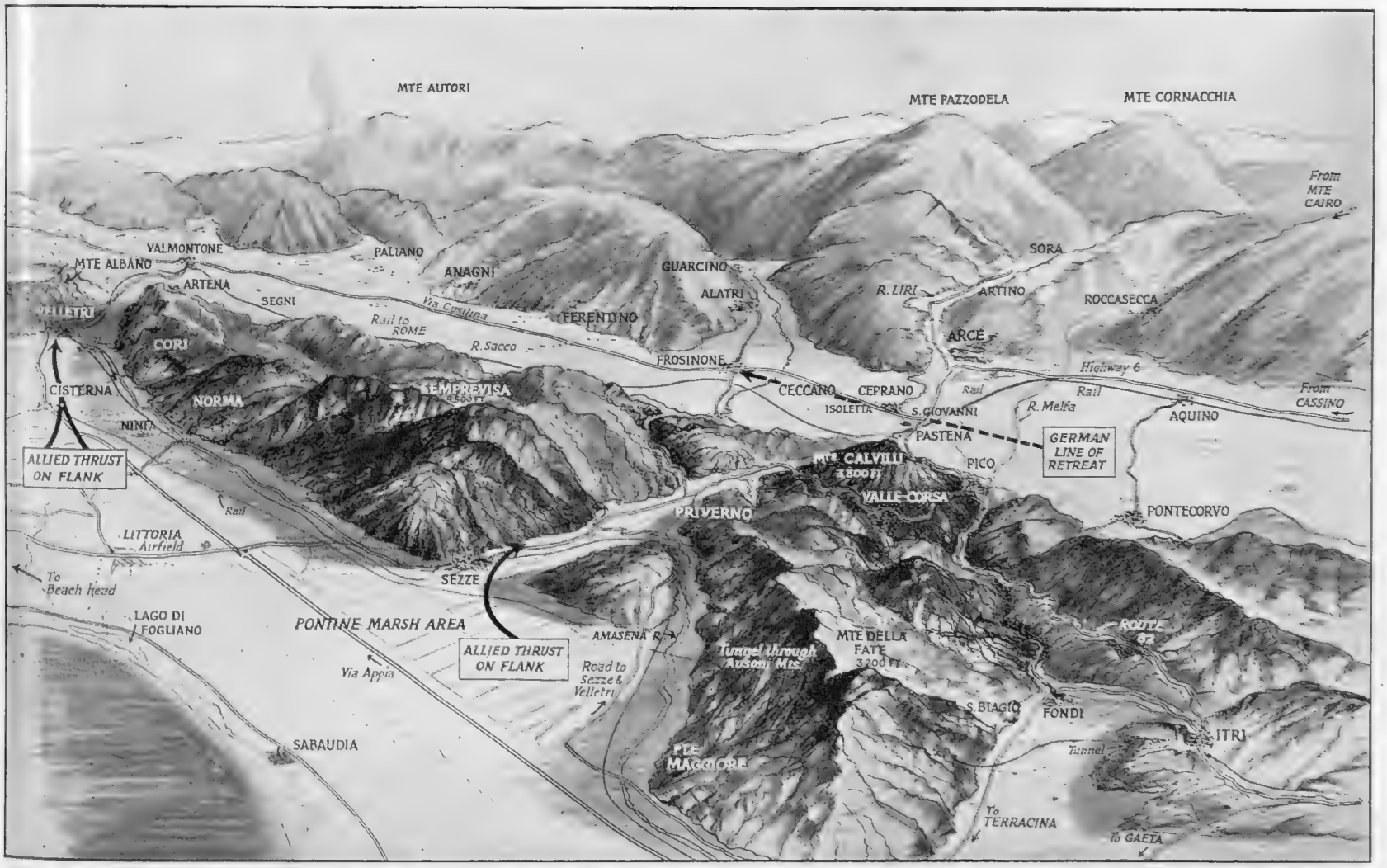
HOW THE ADVANCE WAS MADE FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE LIRI PLAIN. The capture of Monte D'Oro and the approach towards the Hitler Line at Pontecorvo and Pico by French troops. The joint assault by French and Americans on Monte Faggeto is indicated in the left-hand of this view—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

While British, Canadian and Indian troops were attacking the enemy on the northern side of the Liri Valley, the French North African troops were forging ahead on the south side of the valley, among the high mountains of the Aurunci.

Monticelli was captured on May 18—the day Cassino fell It lay to the north of Monte D'Oro. Thought to be a serious obstacle, which the French by-passed for the time being, confident that they could deal with it later, they pressed on to Santa Oliva, on the Hitler Line, and were on the outskirts of the town on May 19. They had advanced over rugged country, taking heights on their way. Farther to the south they had captured Monte Faggeto, nearly 4,000 ft. high, which overlooked the important supply road of the enemy, from Itri to Pico, which they were then able to shell. From Faggeto the French continued their progress among the mountains, obtaining an outstanding success in the seizure of Monte Croca (3,100 ft.), which dominated Highway 82—the Pico road. This action definitely broke through the Hitler Line, and forced the Germans back upon a switch line to Terracina.

After the capture of Santa Oliva the French troops had tried to drop down from the hills to cut the road from Pico to Pontecorvo, but here they received a check in their victorious advance. Meanwhile other French troops had been attacking Pico, where resistance was less severe. After four days' fighting the French entered the town on May 24, the Germans reporting it as an evacuation according to plan, so that they could take up position on a rearward line. On the next day, the 25th, Pontecorvo was also evacuated, the French having again closed in upon the town.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE LIRI VALLEY, IN THE CENTRAL AREA, WHERE THE EIGHTH ARMY AND THE POLES BROKE THROUGH THE HITLER LINE. A drawing which shows how the battle raged through the mountain village of S. Lucia, down to Piedimonte, and on to Aquino (the scene of desperate fighting). The position of the break-through into the Hitler Line itself by the men of the Eighth Army (two-thirds of them British) is indicated in the bottom left (*See notes at left*)—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*



AFTER THE COLLAPSE OF THE GUSTAV AND HITLER LINES. The two gaps through the Lepini, or Volscian, Range where the retreat of the Germans was threatened on their extended flank. The Velletri Gap is to the north and the Priverno gap to the south—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Owing to the vigorous and sustained assaults by the four Allied forces—right, centre and left in the south, and the Anzio beachhead forces in the north—the Germans were compelled to give ground along a curving arc, extending at first from Monte Cairo away to the slopes of Monte Albano. This meant the freeing of the whole of the Pontine Marsh area and some of the hills adjacent to it. It created for the Germans a greatly extended right flank, guarded, it is true by the Volscian, or Lepini, Range from immediate attack This barrier is, however, pierced by two gaps, one at Priverno, the other between Velletri and Cori, to the north-east of the Anzio area. A road runs through the Amasena Valley towards Ceccano, in the "Road to Rome" valley. It turns rather sharply to the left to avoid a ridge of hills which blocks the immediate way through. Priverno is a sizable town on the northern edge of a hill mass around which runs a railway to Sezze and Cori. The Allied troops gained full access to the Appian Way, in the vicinity of the new Fascist settlements of Sabandia and Littorio. From Pico a road crosses the plain to Arce, a point at which Highway Six makes a sudden bend to the south, before resuming a more or less direct line for Valmontone, opposite the Velletri Gap. Artena, an important tactical point, lies close under the hills to the south of Valmontone

ACTUAL BATTLE PICTURES FROM ITALY

—Taken during the Present Big Offensive against Kesselring's Army

THE FIFTH ARMY MAKES JUNCTION WITH THE BRIDGEHEAD FORCES: After four months of attack, counter-attack and inevitable lulls, the Anzio forces at last broke out and joined up with the main body of the advancing Fifth Army. A British Reconnaissance Unit came out over the Pontine Marshes south of Littoria, and met the advancing elements of an American Division about four miles south of the Mussolini Canal on the morning of May 25. This picture was taken as the Unit advanced towards the Americans at the meeting-place

GENERAL MARK CLARK, who accompanied the British troops from Anzio, is seen with the first American officer to arrive at the meeting-point near Borgo Grappa

A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN POSITION, covering an area which includes part of the Gari River (on right), occupied by British troops: When the British troops had crossed the river, they stormed on and captured the village of San Angelo, 1,000 yards away. It was a bitter 1,000 yards—flat country, with little or no cover, and under fire from well-concealed gun positions which swept the whole area with a steady stream of bullets. Here is one of these carefully-prepared positions, which fell to the onrush of the Indian troops

AFTER THE FRENCH HAD BROKEN THROUGH THE GUSTAV LINE and were pressing on to the Hitler Line: French troops in the Castelforte area took the important height of Monte Maio and pushed on to take the mountain villages. Their bag of prisoners ran into several hundreds, many of them under twenty years of age. When the French captured the mountain, they raised a huge tricolor in full view of the retreating Germans in the Liri Valley. They then pushed on to Pontecorvo. In the picture above, amid clouds of dust, guns and stores carried on horses and mules are seen passing through the ruins of Castelforte towards the fighting line

IN THE CASTELNUOVO AREA. Artillery bursts rake the side of the hill behind a house where the Germans had established a strong-point in their attempt to check the tide of the Allied advance in this sector

IN THE SAN GIORGIO AREA: A Tank Commander of a French Corps observes German activity in the village of Esperia. The machine-gunner is on guard against German snipers, who harassed this observation post

HE OFFENSIVE IS TAKEN UP BY THE BRITISH TROOPS IN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD. On May 23 the successful attack by the beachhead forces began: this picture was taken whilst the men of a well-known British regiment were assaulting the German defences in the opening stages of the Anzio offensive. The soldiers are taking cover in a German trench which they had just captured, waiting for reinforcements to come up and drive out three German snipers who were preventing them from establishing a machine-gun position at this point

THE ANZIO OFFENSIVE DEVELOPED—A TRAGIC PICTURE FROM THE BEACHHEAD. British infantrymen engaged in the task of cleaning up a previously-held German position. The enemy made use of the trick of hiding in a slit trench until a company has passed: they then came out and sniped from the rear. It was in this manner that the British soldier in the foreground was killed. This picture also indicates the tangle of brushwood and the little gullies with which certain of the Anzio districts abounded

OVER THE RIVER RAPIDO AND PUSHING FORWARD TO HIGHWAY SIX THROUGH THE THICK MISTS: How a British Brigade stopped a counter-blow launched by the Germans with massed infantry and tanks, as they fanned out towards the coveted Highway—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

The first German counter-attack against the British offensive was launched in the Rapido sector after the river of that name had been successfully crossed. Once over the Rapido, the British Brigade concerned struck towards the coveted Highway Six—the Road to Rome. A thick haze, which reduced visibility to less than 30 yards, hung over the entire Liri Valley. It was a combination of smoke, dust and mist, and it caused some confused fighting. The Brigade had been warned of the pending German counter-attack, and they were ready. An air observation post had seen the Germans massing infantry and tanks, and an artillery pilot in a reconnaissance plane had radioed a warning. When the Germans threw in their attack, things did not go well for us at first: but when the battle was an hour old the crack British troops, fighting magnificently, had smashed the German counter-attack and driven the enemy back from whence he came. Shortly afterwards, our men were attacking again, with plenty of tanks in support. In the drawing above, the artist shows the scene on the misty Highway, just after the tide had turned in our favour. Standing on the right is the Brigade Major receiving a dispatch after he had been all through the confused battle and had, at last, seen the tide turn

TERRACINA, GATEWAY TO THE PONTINE AREA AND THE APPIAN WAY, bombed by Allied planes during our advance to this key position: A drawing which shows the scene on the canals which run down to the sea as the peasants witnessed the approach of the Allied bombing formations overhead—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

On left—The Pontine Marsh area, now in our hands after the capture of Terracina and other key points, contains a network of canals—some open and airy; others embowered with bushes and trees, and sluggish and untidy in appearance. They all converge towards the south and have a sea exit at Terracina, which is one of the gateways to Rome, at the head of the Appian Way. The military areas of the little port were bombed by the Allies just before the big assault was opened

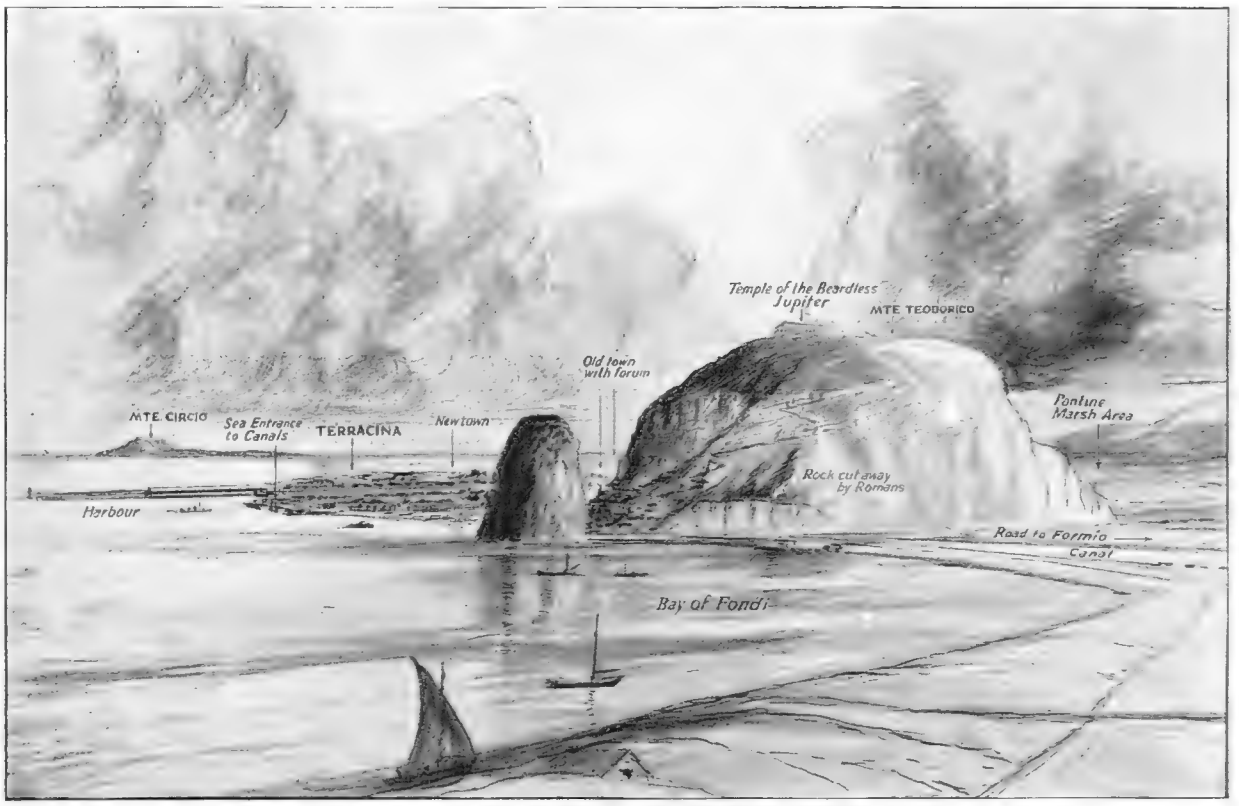
On right—**AN HISTORIC OCCASION: The surrender of the last Germans at Cassino, when the enemy came out with white flags after the news of the capture of the Monastery had been broadcast into the ruined town**

Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

It was on the 18th May that the battered, pulverised town of Cassino finally surrendered to the Allies. It took place just after the capture of the wrecked Monastery. There was no longer any purpose in holding the remaining machine-gun posts amid the shattered shells of former streets, and the last snipers came out of their recesses and surrendered to the Allies—and Cassino was ours! British Intelligence officers were waiting for a lull in the artillery pounding so that they could broadcast to the Germans in their foxholes and dug-outs. It came about five o'clock. Then the first batch of Germans, about a dozen, scrambled over the rubble waving white and Red Cross flags, as depicted in our drawing on the right

SCENES during the GREAT ADVANCE of the ALLIED ARMIES in ITALY

—Depicted in Special Drawings by Sphere Artists



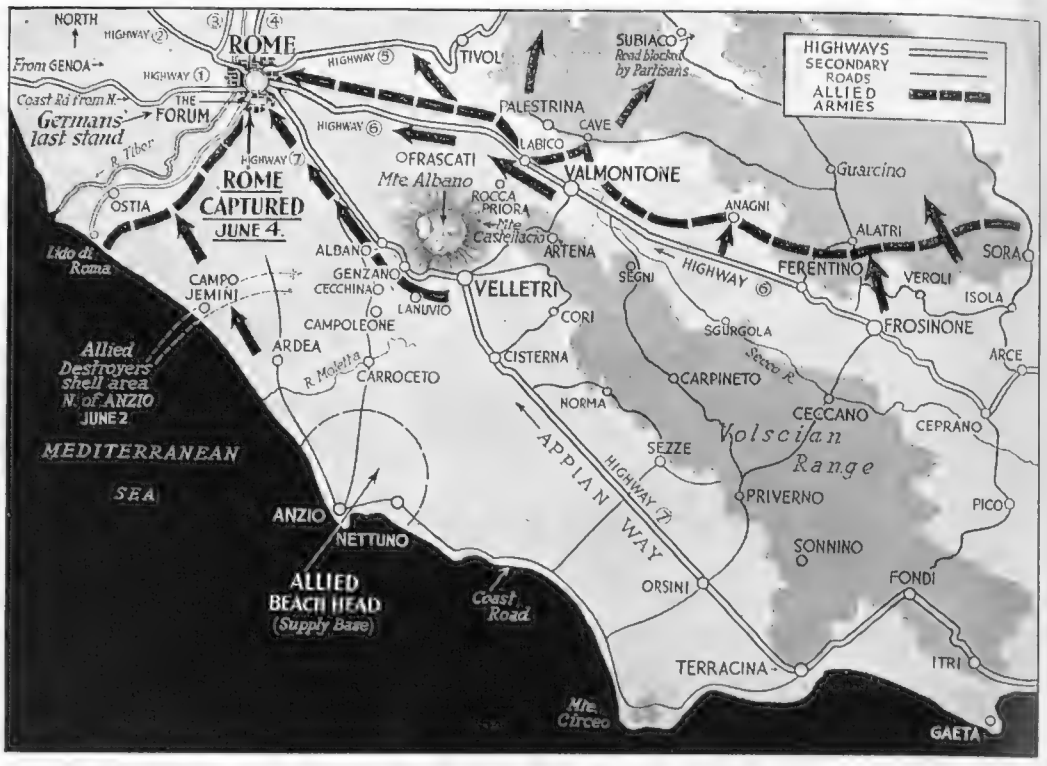
THE PORT OF TERRACINA AND THE TEMPLE OF THE BEARDLESS JUPITER—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

Terracina, the port at the foot of the Pontine Marsh area, was entered by the Allies after a first impetuous rush-attack had been repelled for a short time. The Allies rebounded to the attack along the Appian Way and secured this vital gateway to Rome. It is one of the preposterously picturesque places with which Italy abounds. The foothills of the Ansoni Mountains approach the sea, stop, and then throw off a solitary rock mass which towers over the adjacent bay of Fondi. The rock formation is conspicuously white, and in many ways the site is so spectacular that it is not to be wondered that the spot attracted the ancients from very early time. The mole of the Roman harbour can still be traced: new piers protect the local shipping and the sea-gate of the Pontine Marsh canal system. The new town, pierced by the road and railway, lies on the low ground, the old town with its forum and cathedral of San Cæsario climbs the side of towering Monte Teodorico (748 ft.). To reach the summit, one follows an ancient roadway passing remains of tombs and skirting the towered wall which encloses an area of olive plantations. The chief object of interest on the summit is the imposing Temple of the Beardless Jupiter, 110 ft. long by 65 ft. broad, standing on a terrace partly supported by arcades. The cella still contains the pedestal of the ancient statue. At the foot of the promontory, part of the hillside is seen to be cut back to carry the road which runs to the town

STEPS on the ROAD to ROME

Before the Fall of the Italian Capital Itself on Sunday, June 4

HOW THE BEACHHEAD PREPARED FOR THE GREAT ADVANCE: Huge stocks of food being handled at an Army Supply Depot, in preparation for the link-up between the Beachhead forces and the Fifth Army



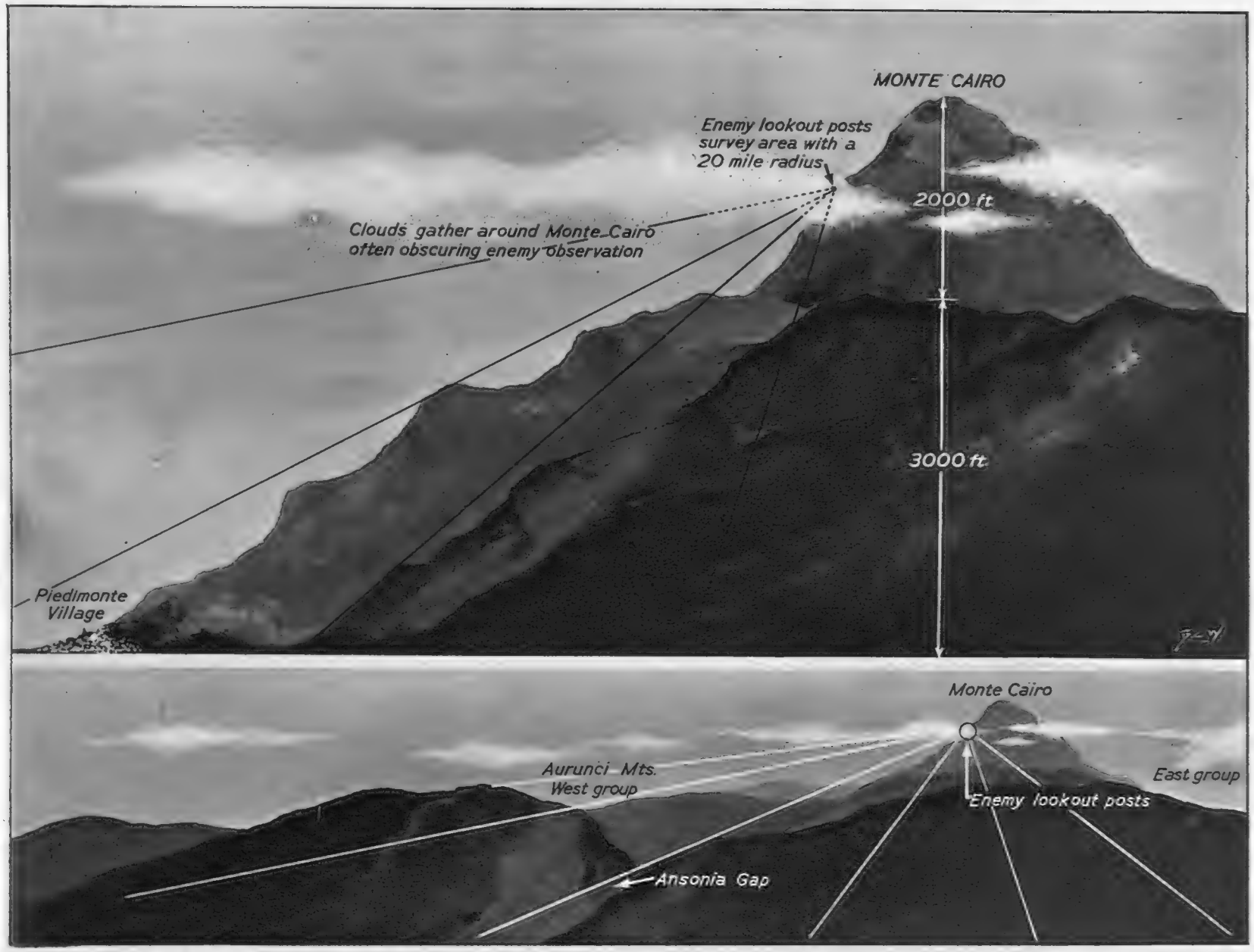
THE ENTRY INTO THE ITALIAN CAPITAL ON JUNE 4: A special SPHERE map which shows the routes followed by the victorious Allied armies as they converged on Rome from the Cassino, Velletri and Beachhead fronts. The last stand of the Germans was staged in the historic Forum: all resistance had ceased by the evening of last Sunday, June 4

THE TOWN OF PONTECORVO AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE EIGHTH ARMY: The Germans were forced to evacuate this keypoint and to draw back north-west along the Liri Valley, as a result of the penetration of the Hitler Line by the Canadians between Pontecorvo and Aquino. This picture bears testimony to the terrific battering which the enemy received whilst attempting to defend the town

THE FALL OF CARROCETO, key town in the Anzio Beachhead: The so-called "Tobacco Factory" at Carroceto, scene of much bitter fighting, fell to British troops on the morning of May 28. Carroceto is a small, self-contained community consisting of a number of buildings in the shape of a square round a church, cinema and shops: it had been heavily bombed and shelled by the Allies

IN THE WAKE OF THE RETREATING GERMANS: Wrecked vessels in the Terracina Canal, which was attacked by aircraft of the Tactical Air Force during the operations which preceded the retreat of the Germans from the Pontine Marshes. Terracina was occupied by Allied troops on May 24. It is the town which stands at the southern end of the Appian Way, the Highway which leads straight into Rome

THE FIFTH ARMY'S ENTRY INTO LITTORIA: After joining up with the main Allied Forces in the Pontine Marshes, the Fifth Army Beachhead troops swung north and entered Littoria, south of Highway Seven (the Appian Way). This picture was taken on May 25: it includes some of the refugee Italian civilians who followed closely on the heels of the advancing Allies



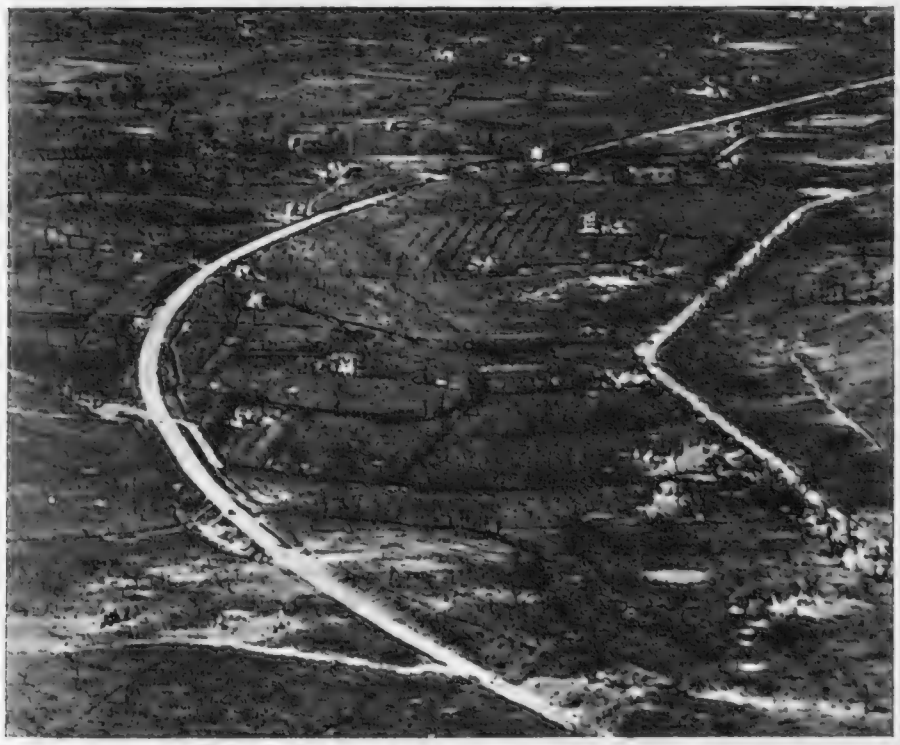
WHY MONTE CAIRO REMAINED A THREAT TO THE ALLIES TILL THE VERY END. German observation posts on this commanding height swept the whole battle area for 20 miles around: it was only when the clouds gathered around the mountain that the enemy became "blinded"—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

HOW THE ENEMY SURVEYED THE ITALIAN BATTLEFIELD

The Military Value to them of Monte Cairo

One of the most outstanding features of the defence zone chosen by Kesselring in Italy (and which withstood the Allied assaults all through the winter) was the dominating peak of Monte Cairo. In addition to its dominating qualities as a gun position, correspondents later underlined its immense value as a look-out post. From various points, German observers could watch almost every Allied movement for 20 miles around. Piedimonte lies, as its name implies, at the mountain's foot. Immediately above it the nearer ranges climb steeply in a jumble of giant steps until at a distance of 2 miles or so to northward, they have already reached a height of about 3,000 ft. It is at this point that the precipitous cone of Monte Cairo makes its final leap—to lift its peak more than 2,000 ft. above all else around it.

Monte Cairo, 4½ miles north-west of the Abbey and 21 miles north of Piedimonte, was the northern origin of the Adolf Hitler Line. It was, without doubt, the dominating feature of the Italian battlefield. Up to the very last hours of the combined assault on the Liri Valley, it continued to operate as a magnificent observation post. It was only when clouds gathered round the peak that a commander could feel comfortable in moving any considerable body of men



THE VALUE OF A HIGH OBSERVATION POST. This picture shows the northern side of the Liri Valley, looking due west. The Road to Rome is seen in the foreground, sweeping round in a wide curve towards the right. Every object of importance is here seen with great distinctness on a clear day

THE FIFTH ARMY UNDERTAKE REPAIRS TO THE ROAD TO ROME: Highway Six has carried more heavy traffic this winter than any road in Europe. Armies, tanks and tens of thousands of lorries have travelled along this important Road to Rome to meet the enemy. Alternately covered with mud, rain and snow, it has been a miracle in maintenance work to keep it serviceable throughout the dreary winter months. Now, with the advent of finer weather and with the Fifth and Eighth Armies moving up after the Germans, the Road is having a "spring clean." At the astounding rate of 1½ miles a day, the Indian Pioneer Corps is laying a new surface, working under the expert guidance of South Africans, reputedly the world's most rapid road repairers

NAVAL OCCASIONS

Special Drawings of Some Recent and Outstanding Incidents During the War by Sea

THE FRIGATES OF THE FIRST ESCORT GROUP RETURN TO THEIR BASE IN NORTH IRELAND after having sunk two more U-boats in the North Atlantic. H.M.S. "Affleck" (in foreground) was the leader, and it was the frigates' first voyage as a Group. All the commanders are under thirty-five years of age—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The First Escort Group is under the command of Commander C. Gwinner, D.S.O., D.S.C., in H.M.S. *Affleck*. A short while ago the Admiralty announced that two more Nazi U-boats had been sunk in the North Atlantic by frigates of the Group: one of them is believed to have been commanded by a Nazi "ace."

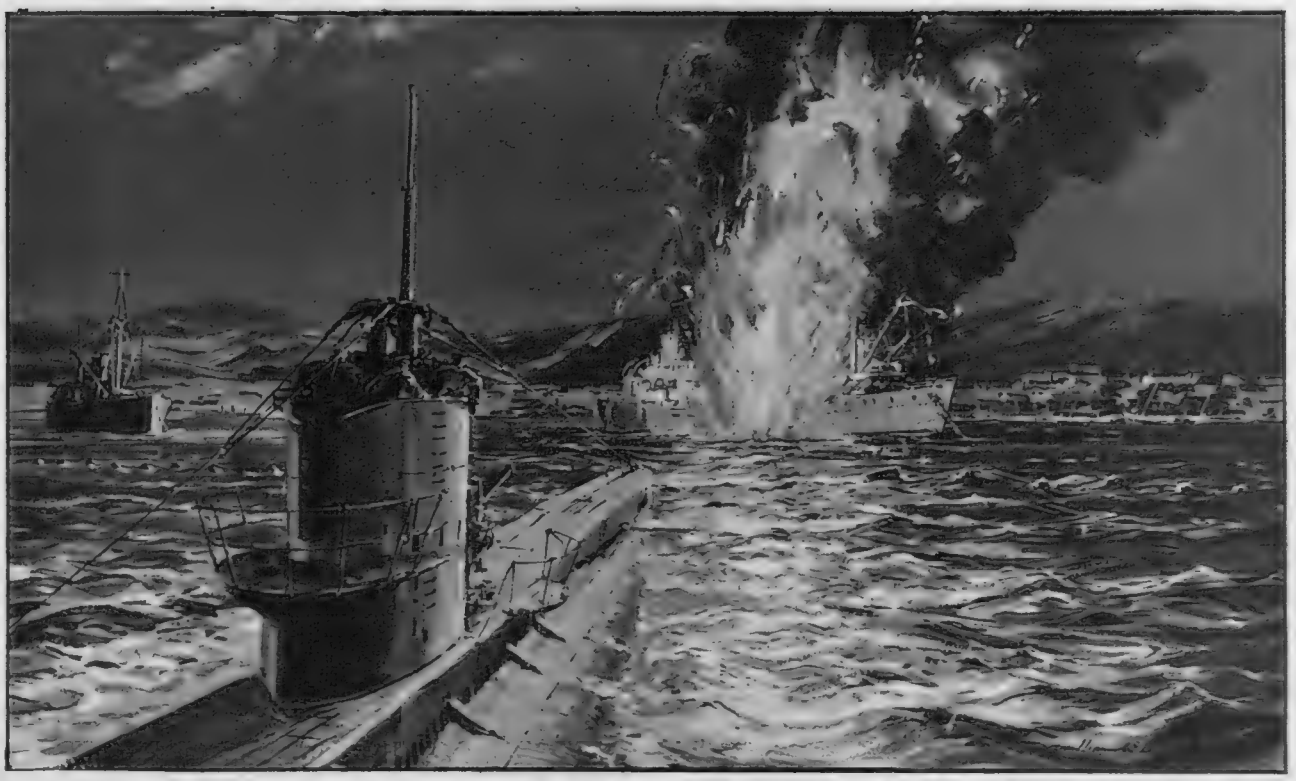
When the vessels returned to their base at a North Ireland port after this success, they received a great welcome as they steamed up to their berths in the harbour. After passing up the lough, the frigates of the Group berthed alongside their leader.

It was the frigates' first voyage as a Group, and the commanders of the vessels are believed to be the youngest in any patrol in the Navy, all being under thirty-five. The action took place after the patrol had been at sea only a few days, and the second U-boat was doggedly followed for many hours before it was finally destroyed.

The frigates comprising the First Escort Group were built in the U.S. They are ships which have brought back into use a name made famous in the time of Nelson, when the "frigate" roamed the Mediterranean and was the victor in most of the actions in which it took part.

A DESTROYER'S DOCTOR TO THE RESCUE, after the warship had received an urgent signal from a merchantman in the convoy for medical attention for a badly injured seaman—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Soon after midnight, while escorting a convoy through the North Sea, a destroyer received an urgent signal from a merchant ship. "Require immediate medical assistance," it read. The destroyer raced down the convoy line, manœuvred close to the merchant ship and sent the medical officer, with his sick-berth attendant, across in a whaler. On board, the surgeon found that the only chance to save the injured seaman's life was to carry out an immediate operation. After it had been performed successfully, the seaman was transferred back to the destroyer, where he was given a second blood transfusion. The man is now recovering in hospital. The drawing above shows how the tricky operation of conveying the surgeon from one vessel to another was carried out, with both vessels in motion. The whaler has been lowered into the water from the warship on the left and is pulling across to the merchantman, where a ladder has been lowered in readiness for his arrival. This is always a hazardous operation at sea



THE BRITISH SUBMARINE WHICH FIRED HER TORPEDO THROUGH THE BOOM GATE INTO AN ENEMY HARBOUR: An incident during the naval war in the Aegean Sea—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

A British submarine has sunk a German vessel at anchor in an Aegean harbour, by going right up to the boom defence on the surface in bright moonlight and firing a torpedo through the "gate." The commanding officer of the submarine, Lieut. R. Gatehouse, D.S.C., reports that he first of all closed the harbour in daylight and saw that a German armed coastal vessel, of a type which is of considerable value to the enemy in the Aegean, was anchored inside the nets. "I found that the anchorage was mined," said Lieut. Gatehouse, "so it seemed there was nothing I could do but hope that the ship would sail. All that day and the next we waited for the enemy to come out. Then on the following day we sighted a 1,000-ton salvage vessel approaching the harbour. We started to attack, but were detected by an escort craft and were forced deep. There were now in the harbour two ships well worth sinking, and they were so anchored that both could be sunk from the entrance, without actually going inside the boom. I decided to attack by torpedo in the last of the moonlight."

Lieut. Gatehouse approached close to the net defences and found the range clear through the boom gate. "But to my intense chagrin," he stated, "I saw that the salvage vessel was bows on to us, and although I waited until the last moment of moonlight in the hope that she would swing, she never moved." The submarine then fired a torpedo through the entrance. It hit the coastal vessel with a spectacular explosion, throwing up a big cloud of black smoke, and for several seconds fragments of red-hot metal flew into the air. "Then shore guns opened up on us," said Lieut. Gatehouse, "Being unaccustomed to being fired at, I ordered 'Dive' and withdrew."

***Below*—H.M.S. "SPEY," OF THE NEW FRIGATE CLASS, SINKS TWO U-BOATS IN THE ATLANTIC: This drawing shows her finishing off the second submarine with well-directed 4-in. gunfire, while the U-boat's crew abandon her**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Two U-boats have been destroyed by the frigate *Spey* as that British vessel was helping successfully to escort a North Atlantic convoy. Announcing this success, an Admiralty communiqué stated that sixty-one survivors were picked up and made prisoners. Survivors from the first "kill" were exercising on the frigate's deck when the *Spey* opened fire on the second submarine. The frigate's first victim surfaced 500 yards away after depth-charges had been dropped: the engagement lasted only a few minutes and, after the submarine sank, forty-five survivors were picked up. The second U-boat then surfaced, and the *Spey's* guns took a heavy toll of the crew: a pattern of depth-charges had brought the submarine up at a steep angle, bows first. It was about 800 yards away. The guns made excellent shooting, particularly the frigate's four-inch guns, which scored many hits. Men were soon seen to be scrambling from the conning tower hatch. Finally the bows reared right up out of the water and the boat sank, saluted with a last direct hit from each 4-in. One shell struck the pressure hull and the other struck the bows. From this submarine sixteen survivors were picked up, including the commanding officer. The *Spey*, of the new Frigate class built during the war, has been in two of the biggest U-boat battles up to date. Last May she joined an Atlantic convoy and, in a battle lasting a week, accounted for four U-boats destroyed and six probables. Later she helped to fight a pack of between twenty-five and thirty U-boats which attacked a convoy in the Atlantic: at least three U-boats were sunk on this occâsion

THE PIPER CUB OVER THE ITALIAN BATTLEFIELD: Searching for a place to land amongst the hills, to pick up French wounded to the south of the Liri Plain. The Piper Cub is an unarmed cabin aircraft used for a variety of purposes over the battlefield—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

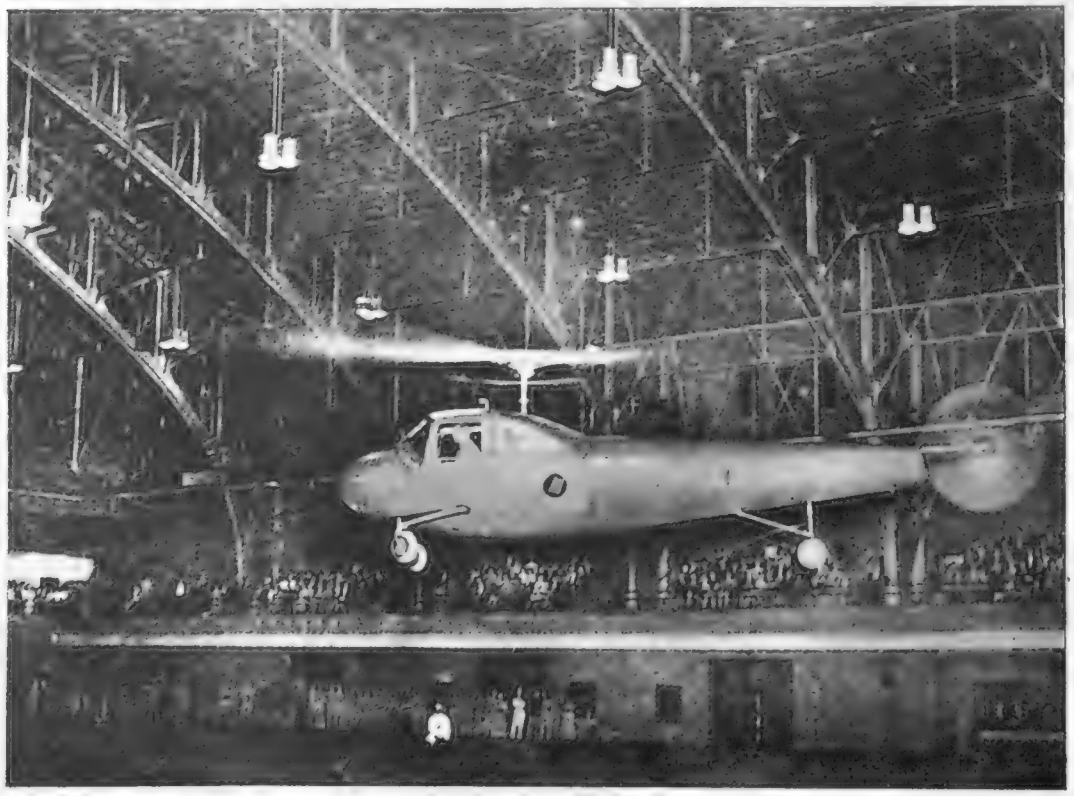
The Piper Cub is an American-built aeroplane, with seats for two persons, of whom one is usually the observer, facing forward or aft as conditions demand. Its maximum speed is about 90 m.p.h., and it lands at the very low speed of 35 m.p.h. It has been used for a number of purposes over the fighting front in Italy, of which one is depicted in the drawing above. During the initial stages of the great offensive, these aircraft were used to pick up the wounded amongst the French troops fighting amongst the difficult mountain country around the Gustav and Hitler Lines, where the hill tracks were not easy of access to motor vehicles. During this period of battle the *Luftwaffe* was conspicuous by its absence and the Piper Cubs were allowed to carry out their tasks unmolested. The aircraft is unarmed and has been described as a "flying motor-car": usually cruising at about 70 m.p.h., it is mainly used for reconnaissance and artillery observation. Although it has been attacked by enemy fighters on many occasions, the Cub is so manœuvrable that it has seldom been shot down. The aircraft is powered with either a 50-h.p. "Continental" engine or a 65-h.p. "Continental" or "Lycoming." Its wing-span is 35 ft.

FLYING PICTURES from ITALY

Special "Sphere" Drawings of Scenes Over the Battlefield: and the Latest Photographs of Flying Developments in America

***Above*—A NEW HELICOPTER IS TEST FLOWN AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK: *On left*—The same machine is flown inside a large hall as a demonstration of its controllability**

After a year of test flying, the Bell Aircraft Corporation of Buffalo has now demonstrated its new helicopter. Ease of control and maximum stability are claimed for it. The picture on the left shows what is believed to be the first indoor flight of a helicopter in America. It took place in an Armoury in Buffalo on May 10, to show the stability and precision control, its ability to take off, manœuvre and land in a restricted area. The only previously known flight of a helicopter indoors was in 1938 in a hall in Berlin



A DISABLED PLANE IS TAKEN BY AEROPLANE: The casualty is an Army Co-operation aircraft which was grounded owing to a cracked cylinder-head. After its wings had been detached, it was loaded through the nose of an experimental all-wood transport plane for conveyance to an Air Service Command base in California for repairs

THE CLOSE CO-OPERATION OF THE AIR ARM WITH THE GROUND FORCES IN THE ITALIAN BATTLES. Allied aircraft, acting as dive-bombers, swooping down on the enemy's artillery positions as the great offensive gets under way—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

During the intense fighting down the centre of the Liri Valley, the air arm assisted the men on the ground in every possible way. Not only did they spot for the guns when enemy artillery was troublesome, but on occasions they dive-bombed the gun positions themselves. Similar work was also carried out—with great intensity—in the initial stages of the Beachhead thrust towards Cisterna, fighter-bombers hammering gun posts and tanks around the town. The air attack on this occasion started in the early morning, the whole target area being virtually saturated. Boston medium bombers took part as well, showering the Germans with fragmentation and smoke bombs from a low level: Warhawks followed and "pin-pointed" their bombs on the indicated targets. Light and fighter bombers caught a large concentration of German troops in an 8-mile stretch of dry river-bed: they swooped on enemy armour, and in every way backed up the efforts of the troops on land

WHERE MAN SIMULATES NATURE FOR AIRCRAFT TESTS: This is the test section, or "throat," of the new Boeing wind-tunnel in the works in the United States where Flying Fortresses are built. A model plane has been installed for trials. A fan, 24 ft. in diameter, with a speed of 490 revolutions a minute, generates wind velocities approaching the speed of sound

ANOTHER WIND-TUNNEL FOR TESTING AEROPLANE ENGINES: An exterior view of a huge tunnel where flight conditions are simulated in a Mid-Western town in the U.S. The tunnel is used to test engines and propellers. The temperature within can be dropped to 67 degrees below zero, enabling the designers to study the efficiency of engines at extremely high altitudes

W.A.A.F. SIGNALS OFFICERS TO FLY: Women undergoing training in the interior of an R.A.F. plane: On the left is the transmitting and receiving apparatus, and on the right is the homing set. For the first time in the history of the R.A.F., members of the W.A.A.F. undergoing training as Signals officers are to be given the opportunity of studying their subject from the air-to-ground point of view. Hitherto these potential officer-trainees have done all their training at a Radio School in the London area. Now, as an experiment, they will—at the conclusion of their course—proceed for one week to an airfield where they will fly in exactly the same manner as their R.A.F. counterparts

A GREAT WORK for our OVERSEAS WARRIORS

What the War Hospitality Committee of the Empire Society does for the Empire Troops in Britain

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

NO wonder that Admiral Sir William James went on the air the other night to launch an appeal for the Empire Society's War Hospitality Committee. This organisation devotes itself to providing hospitality for all the Empire troops which come to Great Britain and Ulster. And yet they were able to spend only £40,000 last year. By contrast, the American Red Cross organisation, which does a similar job for U.S. officers and other ranks, was reputedly financed to the tune of 65,000,000 dollars when they first began to open hostels and clubs over here. Admittedly, there are many more American troops in this country than there are those from the Dominions and Colonies; but £40,000 a year for entertaining and welcoming all the Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, South African and other troops from overseas seems very small beer, even though the various High Commissioners in this country have their own individual organisations for providing hospitality to their own men and women in uniform over here. What did they do with it?

Well, the most recent official report on the activities of the Empire Society's War Hospitality Committee shows that the Club and Hospitality Centre at Aldershot has been so successful that it has paid back in full the original grant made to it. During the year, nearly 1,500 visits to private houses were arranged for Dominion troops. Some of the men, at their own request, stayed on English farms—visits which proved most enjoyable to both hosts and guests.

Salisbury, Belfast, Liverpool, Cardiff, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Portsmouth and Plymouth all have clubrooms and, in most cases, bedroom accommodation. These are provided either by branches of the Overseas League, the Victoria League, or one of the other round dozen of societies connected with the British Empire. London, of course, heads the list. The Empire Society itself provides a rendezvous and information bureau which is invaluable. The visitors have included men from all parts of the Empire, including St. Helena.

Programmes have been arranged for parties of Indian soldiers and sailors almost every week, as well as for groups of trainees from Jamaica and West Africa. Thousands of officers have slept in beds provided by London House, Hopkinson House and Nutford House, which do the same thing for other ranks.

The star turn, however, is provided by the King George and Queen Elizabeth Dominion Officers' Club in Grosvenor Street. Three houses have been taken to supply bedroom accommodation for officers of all services of the Dominions and Colonies. The main one is No. 46, Grosvenor Street, once the home of the late Sir Edgar Speyer. After a brief tenancy by Miss Peggy O'Neill, the actress, the house was taken over by the American Women's Club, and still contains the famous silver bath, perhaps the most uncomfortable one in the world. (Thanks to the semi-precious metal, the bottom of the bath scalds you if you put in hot water, and freezes you if you put in cold.) In other ways, however, the house forms an ideal club with dining-rooms, a ballroom, billiard-room, card-room, and a Spanish patio where in summer-time gaudy striped umbrellas present a scene worthy of San Sebastian.

Officers who want to stay here are advised to book accommodation at least a week ahead; and I can certainly recommend it. Bed and breakfast (including service) is 5s. 6d., lunch is 2s., tea 1s. and dinner 3s. 6d. Officially, fourteen days is the maximum length of stay, though if a young officer is up in London for a course lasting two or three days longer, he is allowed to remain the extra period of time.

Bicycles are lent to those who think, rightly, that this is the best way to see London, and even to those who wish to do a cycle tour of the countryside. Two young Canadian officers, for example, borrowed a couple on which they rode to Euston before detraining in Glasgow and spending the whole of their leave cycling round Scotland.

Theatre tickets and cinema tickets are provided free for most shows, and during their stay Lady Luke arranges the mending of their uniforms and socks, the turning of their collars, the sewing-on of buttons and, if they are in the R.A.F. and have recently received promotion, the fixing of the extra rings on their sleeves. In addition, she tells them where to go and what to see, and even takes letters for dictation. Sometimes these young officers are not particularly imaginative in their letters to their relatives at home, and after a brief opening they often end with the routine phrase: "Everyone is making such a noise I cannot write any more." Advice on how to get rid of young women is one of Lady Luke's specialities. She also has to vet invitations from strangers who ring up or write offering hospitality to "good-looking young officers." Usually they are widows.

There are gramophone dances two or three nights a week, as well as an R.A.F. dance once a month. In which connection it is odd that young soldiers from overseas should still be so unacquainted with life in London to-day that many of them ask to be allowed to go to a private dance during the season. Nearly all of them want during their leave to be allowed to visit a private house to see how Londoners live.

There is, of course, the question of girls. At the dances they are allowed to bring their own, though they are naturally not allowed higher than the first floor. Lady Luke, in addition, has a list of a number of girls to act as dance partners.

The requests of the officers are varied and interesting. Nearly all of them make Madame Tussaud's their first port of call, followed by the open-air Parliament at Marble Arch, the Tower of London, and the usual sights like Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Often it is arranged for them to attend a debate. Rowing, riding, fishing, visits to newspaper offices, are very popular. Many of them ask if they can stay on a farm or at private houses in the country, and nearly always it is possible to arrange this for them.

At the moment Lady Luke is looking for members of the M.C.C. who might give young Australian officers the thrill of sitting in the pavilion during a cricket match. She has already arranged with the International Sportsman Club and with Hurlingham for bathing vouchers. But there is always a shortage of ice-hockey skates for Canadians, and surprisingly few Fellows of the Zoological Society are helpful about sending unwanted tickets for Sunday admission to these young officers who come from all three Services. At the moment they are mostly members of air crews on operational duties. In this way alone the clubs are doing an admirable indirect service by providing rendezvous where sailors, soldiers and airmen meet together and secure one another's points of view.

Airmen who are convalescent have an opportunity of staying at Dorney Wood, the delightful home of Lord Courtauld-Thomson, which has been already bequeathed by him to the nation after his death as a country house for visiting statesmen and other overseas celebrities.

Odd requests and coincidences occur regularly at 46, Grosvenor Street. A young Canadian officer arrived at the reception desk and asked anxiously whether a room had been kept for him: "I wired for it yesterday," he explained.

The reception clerk clicked her teeth sympathetically: "You 've had it," she said in R.A.F. slang. "What a night you must have had!"

The officer looked bewildered.

"Have you already forgotten that you came here last night?"

"No, I didn't."

"Oh yes, you did. If you go upstairs you will find all your kit there."

"But I 've got it outside in the taxi."

The mystery was finally solved by the officer's discovery that his twin brother had arrived the night before and was given his bed. He did not even know that he was in this country!

Another officer, this time an Australian, telephoned at 11.30 a.m. announcing that he was getting married immediately and asking whether a wedding reception could be laid on for him at 3.30 p.m.—which was done.

Bennett, the club porter, has a good memory. A South African officer who had been overseas for a year had scarcely entered the door when he was informed that some laundry had been held for him. On another occasion, three Flight Lieutenants wearing the little gilt badge of the Skyte-Hawk, arrived in search of a bed. There was none at No. 46, and they were directed to another house in Grosvenor Street only a few yards away. Admittedly it was dusk, but they were unable to find it and returned disconsolate. "Call yourselves Pathfinders?" was all Bennett said as he escorted them personally across the road.

Among some of the things that the club has even advertised for, but cannot find for these officers from overseas is a set of chessmen. Oddly enough, there is little or no card-playing. No doubt flying personnel have had too much of it at dispersal.

In addition to the King George and Queen Elizabeth Club there is, of course, the Overseas League at Overseas House, where all new arrivals are personally welcomed and all ranks are offered honorary membership during their stay. Twenty free seats in the King's box and Duke of Gloucester's box at the Albert Hall are available on Saturdays and Sundays; and the B.B.C. broadcast each Wednesday at which members of the Empire forces have taken part in a quiz programme, was popular for a long time.

Concerts are among the first things for which officers and men from overseas ask in ever-increasing numbers. Not many of them seem to play golf, and as the war proceeds, more and more of them rely on this hospitality scheme. Most of them to-day were schoolboys in 1939, and were therefore not old enough to have joined clubs in their native Dominion or Colony which have a reciprocating arrangement with social clubs in London like the R.A.C., at which they could otherwise have stayed during their leave. Which is why the Empire Society's War Hospitality Committee deserves all the support it can get.

AT THE KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH DOMINION OFFICERS' CLUB at No. 46, Grosvenor Street, where officers from all over the world gather in London during their periods of leave. This house was once the home of Sir Edgar Speyer: it now provides the most luxurious accommodation for men who have travelled many thousands of miles to come to Britain's aid

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

ITEMS OF HOME INTEREST

THE COMBINED OPERATIONS CHAPLAINS MEET: A conference of Navy and Army Chaplains who are serving Combined Operations personnel and Commando Units was held recently under the direction of their Senior Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Beale, R.N. Speakers at the Conference were the Chaplain of the Fleet, the Second Sea Lord, the General Officer Commanding Commando Units and the Director of Combined Operations Personnel. This picture, taken at the Conference, shows (from left to right): Chaplain of the Fleet, the Venerable Archdeacon J. K. Wilson, B.A., R.N.; the General Officer Commanding S.S. Group, Major-General R. G. Sturges, R.M.; the Second Sea Lord, Vice-Admiral Sir Algernon U. Willis, K.C.B., D.S.O.; the Senior Chaplain, Combined Operations, Rev. B. G. Beale, R.N.; and Director of Combined Operations Personnel, Captain R. H. V. Buxton, R.N.

AN ARCHBISHOP ON FOOT IN YORKSHIRE: Dr. Cyril Garbett, sixty-year-old Archbishop of York—after flying visits to Moscow and New York—has been making a tour of his diocese on foot, pausing for a prayer in every hamlet en route. He used to tour in similar fashion round Winchester when he was Bishop there, but the hills around Cleveland, in Yorkshire, are steeper! On the right is the Rev. G. Ellison, the Archbishop's Chaplain

PRINCESS ELIZABETH PAYS HER FIRST PERSONAL VISIT TO THE MANSION HOUSE: With the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frank Newson-Smith. The occasion was the Diamond Jubilee of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The Society was founded on July 8, 1884. Princess Elizabeth is now its President

MR. MASSEY'S SON IS REPATRIATED FROM GERMANY. Captain Lionel Massey is the twenty-eight-year-old son of the Canadian High Commissioner: he was one of the officers who arrived in the *Gripsholm*. Captain Massey was serving with the K.R.R.C. in Greece when he was wounded in the leg by a bomb

A PRIME MINISTER AT AN AIRCRAFT WORKS: Mr. Peter Fraser, of New Zealand, has just paid a visit to the Miles Aeronautical School, where he saw young workers performing intricate jobs. He was escorted round by Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Miles, the aircraft designers. Above he is seen with the latter, and with Miss Marion Fowkes (on right)

THESE WOMEN KNOW SOME OF THE INVASION SECRETS: Two pictures taken at a British naval base, where W.R.N.S. are working in an operational centre deep underground where they send out and receive vital invasion signals. Each day a thousand or more secret messages pass through their hands. *On the left:* Highly secret messages are distributed in locked boxes: only certain naval officers hold the keys to open them. *On the right:* These Wrens are naval telegraphists, who send out and receive signals in Morse code

W.A.A.F. RECRUITS HAVE THEIR PICTURES TAKEN—for the first time in uniform: A new batch of recruits have arrived at a training centre: they have received their kit and after changing into uniform have their photographs taken. The resultant portraits are affixed to their identification cards

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

AN ANALYSIS OF THE NEWEST BOOKS

A Novel with an Indian Background ; The Love-story of a Rogue ; A Butler's Reminiscences ; Animal Trainer to Night Fighter Pilot ; Epicurean Joys ; Family Tragedy

MISS PAMELA HINKSON is a romantic, and her novel of English and French people living in India during the last decade or two has all the pearly tints and soft outlines of real romanticism. **GOLDEN ROSE** (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is primarily the story of two women and their loves ; the Indian background, although indicated with the precision of someone who knows and loves the country, is only incidental to the two-stranded plot which pursues its leisurely course through the book.

Clare Charters is the beautiful wife of the British Resident of an Indian State ; Sister Francoise the Mother Rectress of the hospital there, and it is with these women's experiences that the book is concerned.

LORD SOUTHWOOD AT THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN (of which he is Chairman), with Mr. Gilbert H. Carr, chatting to a little sick boy only nineteen months old : At the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street a small tablet, draped with the Stars and Stripes, has just been unveiled in the presence of Lord Southwood, the Chairman of the Hospital, Mr. Gilbert H. Carr, Deputy-Chairman of the British War Relief Society of the United States of America, and representatives of other American organisations in this country, were also present. On the tablet was inscribed: "Our American Friends' Ward. Named in gratitude to all in U.S.A. who in the years of trial and difficulty gave encouragement, sympathy and help." The occasion was the naming of a ward in perpetuity, to acknowledge in a practical form the substantial services rendered to the Hospital by people all over the United States. In appreciation of the Hospital's gesture, officers from the United States Headquarters here were present at the ceremony, which was broadcast to America by the B.B.C. and to the United States Forces in Britain by the American Forces network

delving gently into the past, when Francoise was a worldly woman, passionately in love with a man she could not marry, and Clare was an inexperienced, mildly happy young English girl.

As the wife of the Resident (a pompous type, though not without his points), Clare knew everyone who came to Mholpur, so it was natural that she should meet Michael Fraser, the new engineer in charge of the vital canal works. It was even more natural—and certainly essential to this story—that she should fall in love with him and, in the course of a severe illness, decide to give him up and stick to her worthy and, it would seem, myopic husband.

The renunciation is largely the doing of Sister Francoise, whose benign influence proves stronger than overt advice, and whose example of hardly-learned selflessness is inspiring. In one sense, therefore, the story has a happy ending, though it is difficult for a cynical reader to appreciate the importance of Clare's sacrifice.

THE TRESPASSERS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) seems to have been written, and very well written, with the express purpose of proving that a convincing love-story can be written about the most consummate cad. Miss Laura Hobson has done a very neat piece of special pleading when she has convinced her readers that a man may be a this and a that, but that a woman, and a very intelligent and likeable woman, may yet be desperately in love with him, almost to the exclusion of reason and logic and self-respect.

In this case "almost" is the operative word, for Miss Hobson's heroine has enough will to escape a particularly undignified fate, and to salvage enough from her emotional life to build a new one. The scene is the New York of the past four years and the post-*Anschluss* Austria. Vera Marriner, a young and successful Fifth Avenue business woman, is trying to rescue a Viennese family and to bring them to America. She has apparently provided all the necessary guarantees and affidavits, but the delays persist over years.

The part of her working life, therefore, that is not spent in her own trade preoccupations is devoted to this fight, while all her affections and all her own hopes for the future are centred in one Jasper Crown, a ruthless egocentric whose ambition is to be head of a world broadcasting system. Needless to say, he succeeds, and shakes her off as a brake on his progress. But his story is less simple than that, and it is in these finer shades of moral cowardice that Miss Hobson really makes the tale live.

WAIT AND SEE (Joseph. 10s. 6d.) strikes me as practically the perfect title for a butler's reminiscences, and, curiously enough, this is exactly what it is. Its author, Mr. Albert Thomas, is at present butler to the Principal of Brasenose College, but he has been, as he tells us, page-boy to Lord Charles Beresford, third footman to the Duke of Norfolk, lounge waiter, manager of a country inn, club steward in Ireland, proprietor of a Yorkshire moorland café, caterer for exhibitions and head waiter. Though he does not say as much himself, he has also quite evidently been the perfect butler.

Mr. Thomas' style is simple, direct—and forceful. He has plenty to say and great confidence in saying it, but he halts on the happy side of being opinionated. Among other things, he takes a gloomy view of women employers. He is firmly convinced that one of the reasons why clubs and colleges so seldom change their staff is because *the women employers* are the cause of so much unrest. (The italics are the author's own, and there seems a world of sinister significance in them.)

"It is only fair," he adds magnanimously, "both to ourselves and to our employers, to say that it is not for one moment my idea that there are no good posts with 'madam.' . . . But I very much regret to say that some were not as happy as I should have liked, or should ever care to live through again." One feels that some of these employers must have rivalled those exceptional sisters in *Arsenic and Old Lace* !

The chief thing that one gathers from Mr. Thomas' book, though, is that here has been discovered a man of philosophic bearing. Even when "brotherly love smashed up our happy home," he was able to face the consequences with equanimity, and with lesser set-backs, such as the dropping of hot, buttered potatoes down a lady's neck, he was poise itself. Mr. Thomas had, and possibly still has, a marked respect for members of the nobility, and perhaps the only incident which he relates that rouses him to real emotion was when a duke was kept waiting in a country post office "for fully a minute." "How often," adds the writer reflectively, "have we met with the same treatment."

HIGH ENDEAVOUR (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a remarkable young man, one Jimmy, who, at the outbreak of war, was a trainer of wild animals in a circus, and is now a night-fighter pilot. Jimmy achieved this vast change by the exercise of his native intelligence and by a great deal of will power. He was strong and young and courageous, but even the sum of these things was not enough to admit him to the combatant ranks of the R.A.F. There was the question of mathematics, for one thing, and there was the too long gap between the present day and Jimmy's last schoolday.

But, in that comprehensive phrase, "he made it," and has now been commissioned and is on operational flying. In writing Jimmy's story, which is an admirable one by any standards, Mr. Edward Seago has aimed at keeping the same simplicity with which he learned it, step by step. He has succeeded in this, and has added further distinction to the volume by the many reproductions of his own paintings and drawings—at least three of which I would like to possess in the original.

It really seems heartless to recommend to anyone that they should read **RESTAURANT ROUNDABOUT** (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.) in this day and age, and yet that is just what I propose to do. Mr. T. A. Layton's book is in a sense misnamed, since it is by no means a guide-book to accessible eating-places, and has a great deal more to it than a list of places where one may eat with varying degrees of satisfaction or even, occasionally, rapture.

Mr. Layton knows a great deal about food, and about wine, but his real passion is for cheeses. About these—and possibly with these in better times—he spreads himself. Witness the chapter (pp. 145-183) in which he discourses on his favourite subject, occasionally in verse, though mainly in dynamic prose. He has a number of anecdotes about cheeses ; Dorset Blue Vinneys, for instance, were said to have been used once for train wheels, so hard had they become. But the writer has his own way of dealing with even those intractable cheeses, in his own restaurant, by putting up a notice about "the rarest cheese made in England—very hard," and for a few days at least, getting remarkable sales, until the customers broke all the knives on them, one presumes !

In those days Mr. Layton not only sold cheeses, but preached them. With a newly-discovered cheese, he would work hard at making converts, not always successfully. "I remember trying to interest Desmond Macarthy in it one day." "It" was an obscure round cheese with a taste that was half-way between a Bel Paese and a Port Salut." 'I can recommend the Cotherstone ; it 's just arrived from the north of England to-day.' 'I think I 'll have a little Brie,'" he said.

But that, I suppose, is the fate of all true pioneers.

I confess myself quite baffled by the ending of Miss Elizabeth Jenkins' new novel, which seems to me to take a flying leap from the pleasant, prosaic days of the 1930's to the witch-haunted, le Fanu-esque mysteries of the 1860's. And all this in a single page, the final page of the book.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF SOUTHWARK IS EIGHTY YEARS OLD : Dr. Peter Amigo, Archbishop of Southwark, has now reached his eightieth birthday. He has been a priest for fifty-six years and Bishop for forty years : in 1937 he received the personal title of Archbishop from Pope Pius XI. He is the oldest member of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of England and Wales. Here he is seen in his study, replying to letters of congratulation, of which he received hundreds

I read the passage that bewildered me so much three times, and each time more slowly and attentively, but the exact solution still escapes me. What is more important is that, solved or unsolved, the conclusion is in manner irrelevant to the rest of the book, which has till then proceeded equably, as an agreeable and sensitively-told story of a man, his wife and his sister living a rational life, with intelligence and mutual affection.

ROBERT AND HELEN (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is therefore, in my view, an entertaining and well-observed novel not without some sly humour, and with very little indication of the tragic and momentous end towards which most of its amiable characters are proceeding.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

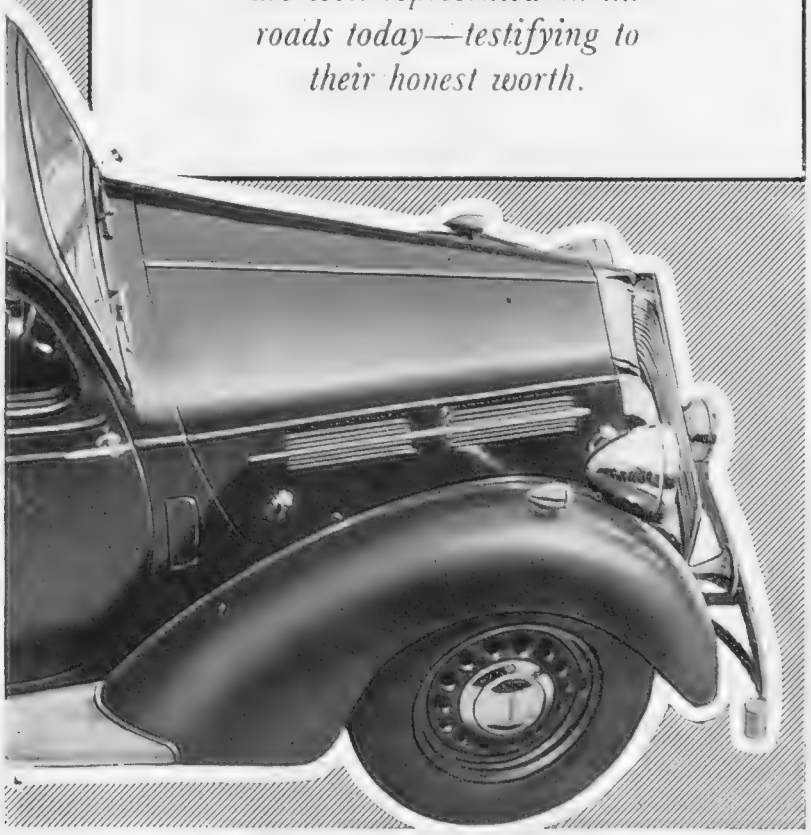
The Committee of this old-established Society acknowledge with grateful thanks the gracious kindness of their Patron, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, in having given her subscription under Covenant, thus adding to the value of the gift. More subscribers under Covenant are needed. Will you become one ? Address : 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

STANDARD CARS

Remembered with satisfaction

Anticipated with pleasure

The day will come when new Standard models will be available. In the meantime, the Standard Company are "otherwise engaged." Nevertheless, Standard cars are well represented on the roads today—testifying to their honest worth.



THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY

All in one operation

When an officer comes to us for his uniform we can, if he so wishes, equip him at a single operation with every article of clothing he needs—no detail overlooked and every detail properly co-ordinated. In the saving of time and trouble alone, this counts quite a lot to the man whose free hours are limited. It comes to mean still more when he discovers—as all our customers *do* discover—that, with all its diversity, the Austin Reed service remains a specialist service in every department.

AUSTIN REED

of Regent Street

LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789

STILL AVAILABLE

Yes, Ensign Roll Film is still obtainable, but only in limited quantities, so please be patient with your dealer if he cannot always supply.

Ensign FILM

is worth asking for

Ensign Ultrachrome Films are available in standard sizes and at standard prices

QUALITY SAVES COUPONS

DELIGHTFUL SUMMER HOUSE GOWNS, in printed satins, also novelty and printed silks . . .

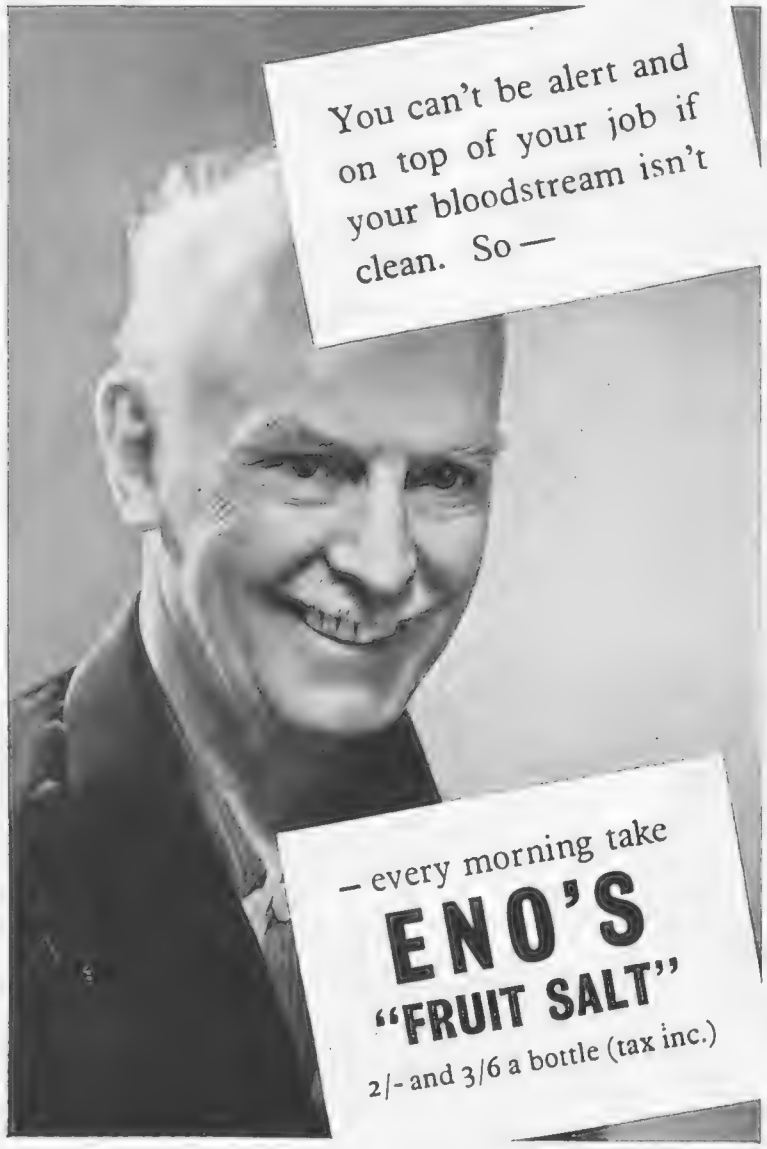
Illustrated is an example in printed satin, a charming design with original tucked shoulder line and graceful skirt. (7 coupons) **£14.2.10**

We still have a few lovely pre-war French brocades—an interesting collection of beautiful models in stock.

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE ST., W.1

Langham 4444 (Debenhams Ltd.)



IT'LL be good to see the old village smarten itself up after the war—the Green and the road verges atcoscythed and the lawns up at the Rectory as smooth again as old George's green baize apron. George can remember when the Squire bought his first Atco motor mower And that wasn't yesterday . . . They're pretty well known in these parts—Atco and old George. Part of the landscape as you might say.

ATCOMOWERS· ATCOSCYTHES· ATCOTRACTORS· ATCOTRAINERS· ATCO-OPERATION IN INDUSTRY'S POST-WAR LIGHT ENGINEERING PROBLEMS ·

ATCO

CHARLES H. PUGH, LTD. WHITWORTH WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

Once upon a time . . .

. . . we used to go racing. Could any thrill touch that last dash up the straight, when strong men bit cigars to ribbons and resolute women jumped on their lorgnettes? There were days when we couldn't put a foot wrong, and some when we had only to breathe an animal's name for it to faint away. But what we really went for was the scene. Horses that moved like poetry. A crowd that had studied *Ruff's Guide* in its cradle. And places. Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood. One day we shall go again to our favourite meetings (in our jet-planes, we fancy), but not before we have had a trial gallop at

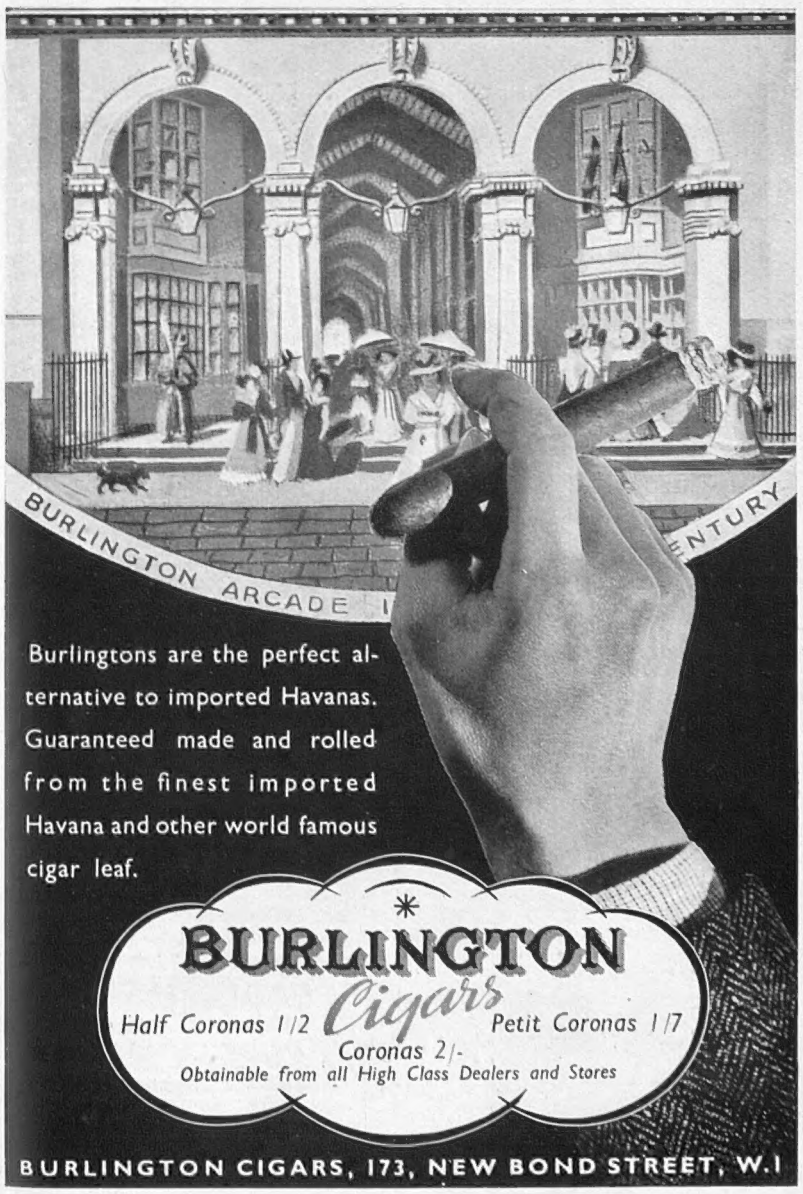
MOSS BROS & CO. LTD.

Naval, Military, R.A.F., and General Outfitters

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2

And at Bristol, Manchester, Aldershot, Bournemouth, York, etc.



Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported Havanas. Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.

BURLINGTON *Cigars*

Half Coronas 1/2 *Petit Coronas 1/7*

Coronas 2/-

Obtainable from all High Class Dealers and Stores

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

The Loving Cup

The loving cup and the grace cup are sometimes thought to be much the same thing. So they are in the ceremony of the drinking but their origins are very different. The true loving cup had a lid and the one about to drink would turn to the neighbour on his right who would remove the lid with his right (or dagger) hand and thus keep it innocently occupied. The grace cup which also passed round the table, was instituted by a Scots queen who conceived the idea of keeping back a bumper of specially choice wine until after grace had been said and thus keep the diners in their places.

Schweppes*

Table Waters

famous since 1790

* Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product —but Schweppes quality will return with victory.

COMBINED OPERATIONS

THE COMBINATION OF CRAFTSMANSHIP, STYLE, MATERIALS, TRADITION AND SERVICE, UNITE IN THE MAKING OF UNIFORMS FOR ALL UNITS OF THE ALLIED FORCES.

Telephone: WHITEHALL 3343

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET - LONDON - S.W.1

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS

BURBERRYS LTD.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

BOURNE HALL HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH

Offers shops, scenery and plenty of sunshine. Provides admirable quarters in a central position. Bridge, Billiards, Warmth and plenty of breathing-space. From 5 gns. per week. *Resident Directors:* Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bray.

THE NORFOLK HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

Here the policy in wartime as in peace has never wavered. To guard zealously their reputation of being known as "One of Britain's finest hotels." Telephones —Number 7272—every room. Active Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes.

CREST HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

"A wee bit of Scotland in Sussex." Under the personal direction of Mrs. Eglinton Adams. A fully-equipped first-class Hotel with nearby Golf and Riding. Cocktail Lounge. All-weather Tennis Court. Lift. Central heating throughout.

THE RED HOUSE
LEATHERHEAD

Always very popular amongst Business and Retired people because of its accessibility to Town and its comforts. Vacant rooms are few and far between, but they are worth waiting for. Tel.: 2271.

THE COUNTY HOTEL, ROTHBURY
NORTHUMBERLAND

For bracing air and glorious scenery, Good Food, Own Garden, Fully Licensed, H. and C. all bedrooms, Cocktail Lounge. Telephone and Telegrams: Rothbury 6. A.A.*** R.A.C. and Veteran Motorists.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

And here is peace. The hotel faces the sun and the South. It stands in a sheltered, health-giving position in 60 acres of park land, immune from all traffic noises; admirably adapted for long-period stays. A FEW GOOD ROOMS ARE AVAILABLE. Tun. Wells 1911.

WALDRONHYRST, SOUTH CROYDON

A residential hotel which provides safety and satisfaction, within ½-hour of West End. But "seeing is believing." 'Phone CROydon 2641, and arrange to view the 40 rooms and the 6 acres of grounds. Terms from 4 gns.

HEADLAND HOTEL
TORQUAY

Though often full, it is an hotel to make a note of should you wish to enjoy quiet luxury midst peaceful surroundings. The Management will welcome advance enquiries.

THE OLD HOUSE HOTEL
WINDSOR

There are occasional bedroom vacancies and always a chance of good food and good wine if you will but 'phone beforehand Windsor 1354. Luncheons 5s. Dinners 5s., and 2s. 6d. House charge.

CLEMATIS COTTAGE HOTEL, WASHINGTON SUSSEX.

For leave, or holiday from war-work, this beautiful spot in a fold of the West Sussex Downs makes an ideal change. Perfectly cooked food. Comfortable beds. First-class golf, 4 miles (on bus route). Lovely walks. Excellent bus service from Horsham, Brighton, Pulborough, Worthing. From 4½ gns. Tel.: Ashington 233.

PHURNACITE
THE 'STREAMLINED' FUEL

Size of fuel 1¾" lg. × 1¼" wd

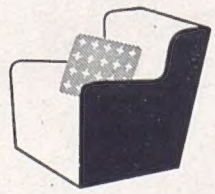
YOU need every piece!

Fuel supplies are a major problem; therefore it is vitally important that stocks should be used as sparingly as possible. Phurnacite, the economical fuel for Heat Storage Cookers, hot water boilers, and stoves can be stored in the open if necessary. It is regretted that there is a shortage — Government priority consumers and users of Aga and Esse Cookers must have preference.

Enquiries to your
REGISTERED COAL MERCHANT
Sales Agents
STEPHENSON CLARKE
& ASSOCIATED COMPANIES LTD.,
4 FENCHURCH AVE., LONDON, E.C.3

A POWELL DUFFRYN *Product*

Sundour
unfadable furnishing fabrics
for post-war



"WARDONIA"

FOR BETTER SHAVES

AERTEX

UNDERWEAR
IS RARE
—TREAT IT WITH
CARE

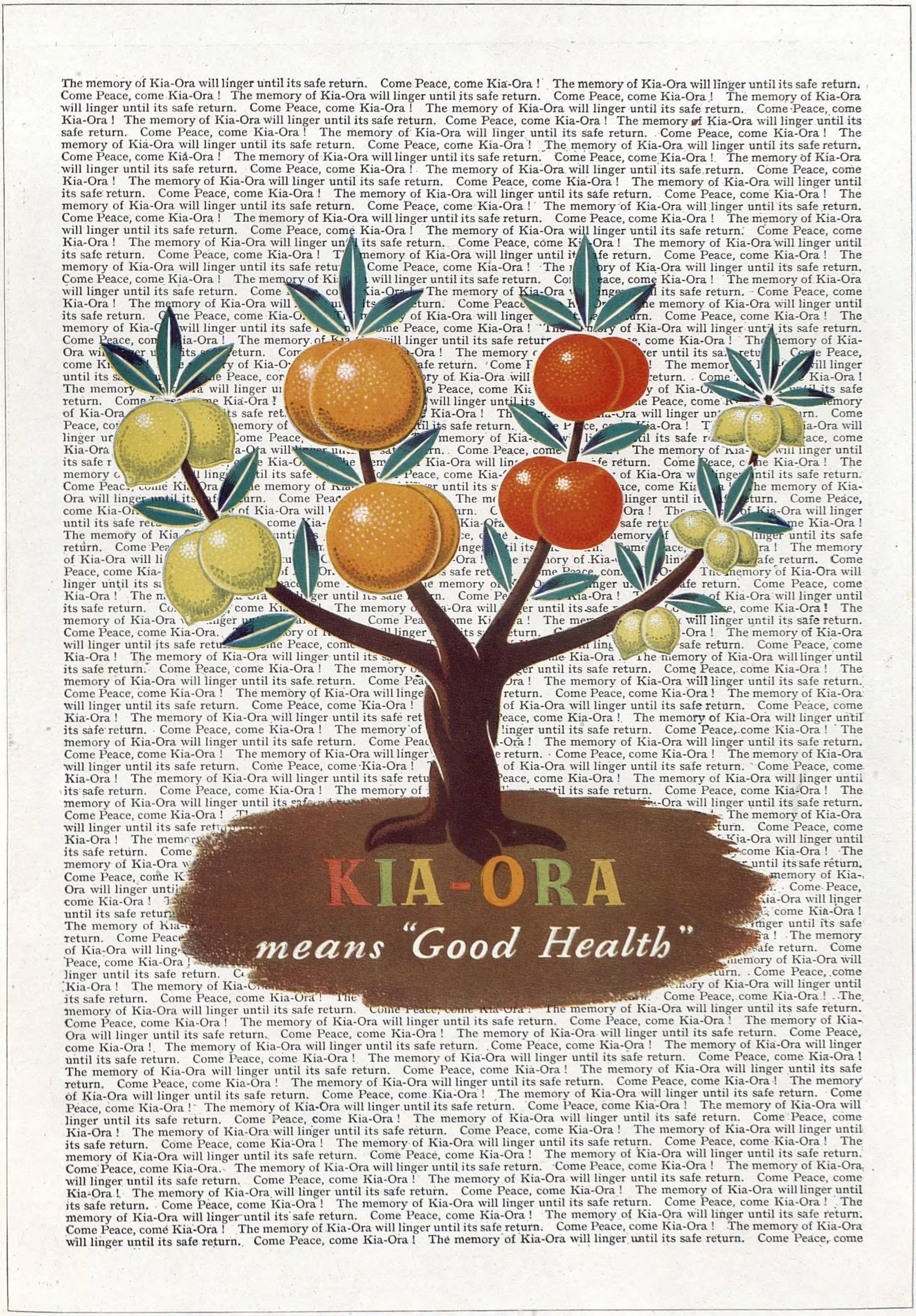
Why we need LEGACIES & BEQUESTS

The need of ex-Servicemen of All Wars, including the disabled and their dependants, and the care of those left behind by the men who fall in action are an ever-present and recurring charge on the Legion. Every year since the inception of the Fund the expenditure has *increased*, and it is vitally necessary that the Fund should be strengthened and fortified against any possible diminution of income in the future by means of Legacies and Bequests.

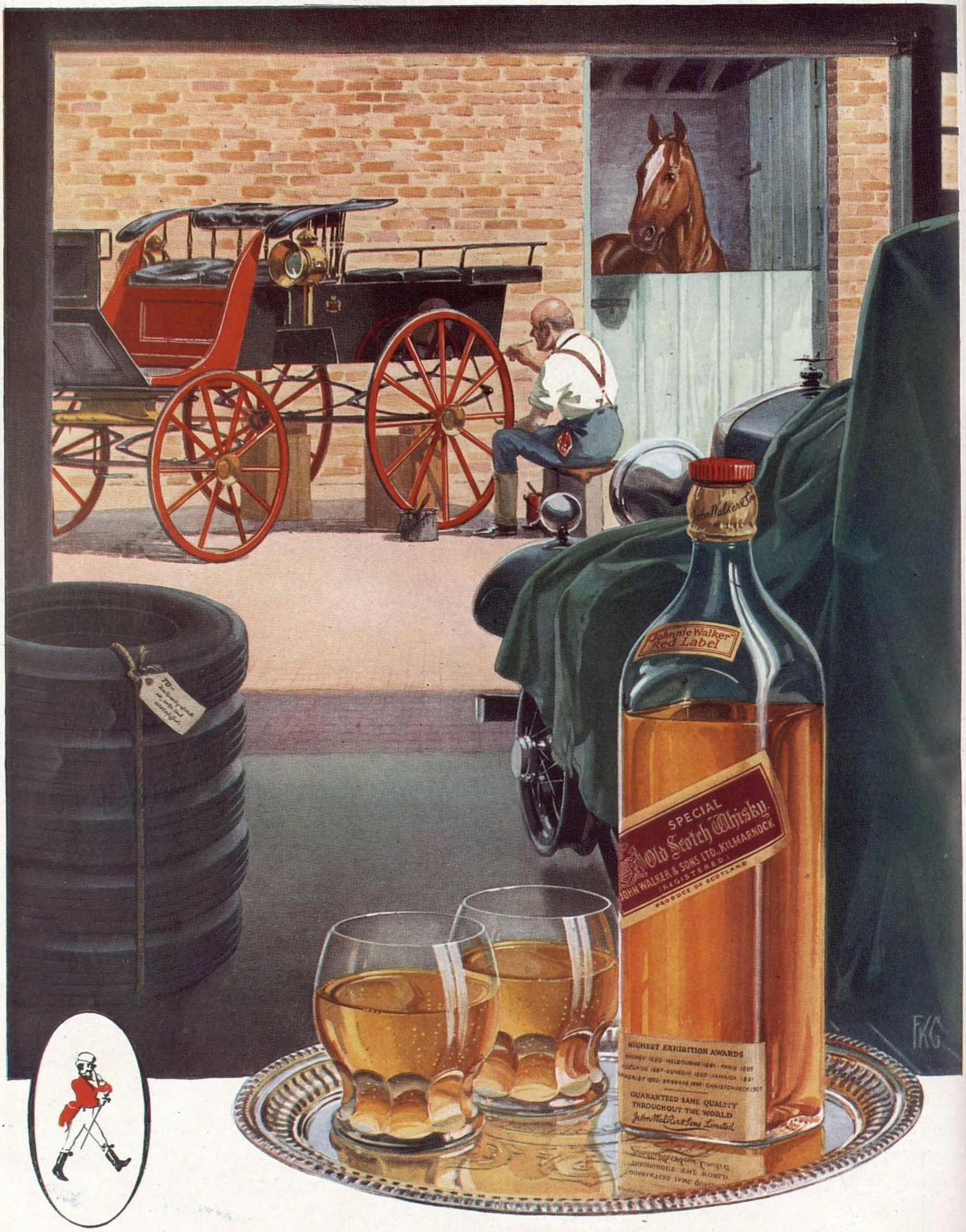
EARL HAIG'S
BRITISH LEGION
APPEAL FUND

Full particulars and Forms of Bequest can be obtained from the Organising Secretary,
Capt. W. G. WILLCOX, M.B.E.,
CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY
Registered under the War Charities Act 1940

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1944. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.


The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return.
Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora
will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come
Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its
safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The
memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return.
Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora
will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come
Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until
its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The
memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return.
Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora
will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come
KIA-ORA
means "Good Health"
Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-
Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace,
come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger
until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora !
The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe
return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory
of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come
Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will
linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come
Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until
its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The
memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return.
Come Peace, come Kia-Ora. The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora
will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come
Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until
its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The
memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return.
Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora
will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come Kia-Ora ! The memory of Kia-Ora will linger until its safe return. Come Peace, come

Good work . . . Good whisky



JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1944. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.